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Poetry.

EASTER LILIES.

In purple and crimson glory
The Easter sunlight poured
A flood through the chancel windows
In the temple of our Lord.
Its waves passed over the altar
To rattle the Cross with their glow,
And stain the lilies with crimson,
Like sunset over the snow.

Till every fragrant chalice
Seemed filled to the brim with wine,
Distilling there into vapor
And rising in clouds divine.
Farther and farther the incense
Its delicate perfume spread,
Like loving thoughts sent earthward
By souls of our happy dead.

With prayers from our hearts upriaing,
Which mingled and seemed to reach
Through the space 'twixt earth and heaven,
To blending them each with each,
That my soul could feel the presence,
The smile, and the tender eyes,
Of one who gathers the lilies
In gardens of Paradise. —H. F. Blodgett.

MORE COYNESS.

"G'way dah!
Jonofan Whiffles Smif!
Yo' heah me.
Don yo' cayno aneah me,
'Niess yo' want fer biff
On de mouf
Knock yo' souf
'Bout er mile!
Don' yo' smile
When I say
'G'way!'
Jonofan Whiffles Smif,
Cos I feels
Jes mad from head ter heels!
No such pusson sips
De honey from dease lips!
Stop yo' teasin'
And yo' squeezin';
'G'way,
I say!
Ah!" Yap—Yup,
Callup!

—[Merchant Taveler.

LOVE'S LOGIC.

I am a woman, and I love you, yet
I'm not a thing of changing smiles and tears;
Of pretty wiles, alternate hopes and fears,
To weep when you are harsh, and then forget
And laugh my grief away when your brow's
tempest clears.

I am a woman, and I love you, though
'Tis not because you seek me, nor because
Your eyes command me while your voice makes
pause;
You have revealed yourself to me; I know
That your's is not a nature free from flaws.

I am a woman, but my love means not
Submission to some other mind's control,
Surrender of my body and my soul.
The love I give to you I'd give unsought,
Since loving you makes my poor half-life whole.
—[Elizabeth Leigh, in Drake's Magazine.

Our Story Teller.

THE DEACON'S WOOING.

THE sun had disappeared behind the hills of New Bethany, and the lingering light on the mountain tops was changing from rose to purple when Deacon Pinch stopped his melancholy old mare in front of the village postoffice. It was Saturday night, the only time when New Bethany roused itself from its lethargy and showed any signs of life and energy. The rest of the week it drowsed and languished after the fashion of small country towns remote from railway and manufacturing centers.

"Whoa, Mary Jane!" said the deacon, with unnecessary emphasis, throwing the reins on the mare's broad back, and springing to the ground.

But the despondent Mary Jane had already ceased her shambling from sheer force of habit. A ten years' service with the deacon had made her perfectly familiar with the accustomed round of stopping-places. Wednesday night it was prayer-meeting; Sunday, the church service, and Saturday night invariably the postoffice, and, as a late variation, an after pause at the house of Mrs Betsey Hill, the milliner, who, for a quarter of a century, had supplied the women of New Bethany with headgear fearfully and wonderfully made.

The moment the deacon stepped inside the office he knew, from the unusual buzz of conversation, that something extraordinary had happened.

"Heard the news—eh, deacon?" asked one of the village loungers.

The deacon looked up, inquiringly.

"Miss Keziah's had an amazin' streak of luck."

"It's been nothin' but an amazin' streak of luck ever since she was born," returned the deacon. "If ownin' the best farm in town and havin' money at interest isn't luck, I'd like to know what it is."

"Yes; but this is something out of common. You used to know her brother, who died years ago and left his only child for Miss Keziah to bring up? Wa'al, when the old man Mead died, Miss Keziah took the farm as her share of the property, and her brother, bein' of a rovin' turn of mind, took the few thousand of personal property as his'n, and invested 'em in western lands, which turned out to be worthless, and he lost every cent he put in. Folks always blamed him for bein' so foolish and hasty, and they say grief and mortification like hastened his death. Wa'al, it turns out they have put a railroad right through that land, and it's sent real estate way up, nobody knows where. Miss Keziah's been offered nigh on to $8,000 for the lands, and they say she will get ever so much more if she only holds on."

"You don't mean it?"

"I dew; it's as trew as Scripture."

"She'll hold out, never fear," said the deacon, "and I hold it to be our bounden duty, as neighbors, to advise her to that end."

Instead of lingering, as usual, for the village gossip—for New Bethany postoffice on Saturday night answered the purpose of a weekly paper—the deacon seemed in a great hurry to get home.

It was the night of the choir rehearsal, and in driving by the church he saw Mary Mead, Miss Keziah's niece, going up the steps. He suddenly whipped up his sleepy old mare and drove home at a break-neck rate of speed.

"Now's your time, Solomon Pinch," he muttered to himself. "It's mebbe a long while afore ye'll have such a good chance ag'in. She'll be sure to be alone for a couple of hours or so—hi, old lady! no stoppin' here to-night," he added, giving the mare a sudden twist as Mary Jane showed an inclination to stop before Betsey Hill's house; "we've other fish to fry now, old girl."

When he reached home he drove the mare under the horse-shed and tied her there, instead of unharnessing her as usual. Then he entered the house, and hastily swallowing the scanty supper which the hired woman placed before him, donned his best clothes and drove off again at a rapid pace.

"Law sakes alive!" exclaimed the woman, amazed. "The deacon's got suthin' on his mind, sure! It's the first time I ever knew him to disremember to ask a blessing."

Ever since the death of his wife Deacon Pinch had looked on Miss Keziah as her probable successor. For years he had gazed with covetous eyes on the fine Mead farm, with its substantial buildings, but he never could screw his courage up to the point of facing the snapping black eyes of its owner. Of late he had been seen several times knocking at the door of Mrs. Betsy Hill's little brown house and the worthy milliner was overjoyed at the opening of the brilliant prospect before her. But the news of the sudden rise in western lands caused Mrs. Hill, with her small possessions, to sink into insignificance by the side of the rich woman with her well-tilled acres, her overflowing barns and her prospective thousands of dollars.

The idea of failure in his matrimonial venture never for an instant entered the deacon's head. The way afore ye is as plain and straight as a pipe-stem, Solomon Pinch," he murmured, as he walked toward Miss Keziah's side door. "Women is mostly alike—eager and willing to embrace matrimonial opportunities. They'll snap at an offer like a hungry trout at a worm. She has got the money, and I hev got the prominence and influence. That's a p'int not to be overlooked, and deacons isn't to be had every day. Put her money and my influence together, and I rather guess we'll stand about top of the heap in New Bethany."

Miss Keziah was sitting by the table knitting, as usual. She had just begun to narrow for the toe of the stocking when a step sounded on the walk. She threw down the stocking and opened the door, and, holding the lamp high above her head, her eyes resting on the amazing spectacle of the deacon in all the Sunday magnificence of white shirt and shiny black broadcloth. "Well, I never," she ejaculated, and then, feeling that her reception had been hardly hospitable, she lowered the lamp and said kindly: "Come in, deacon, come in."

"Thank ye, thank ye; I don't mind if I dew."

"Take a seat, deacon."

"Thank you; I don't mind if I dew."

The deacon surveyed the attractive room, which, with its cherry fire and comfortable cushioned chairs, seemed a veritable paradise in comparison with his untidy, ill-kept home. He placed his hat on the floor beside his chair, displaying his scanty gray locks, ingeniously plastered over the top of his head so as to cover as much of the bald surface as possible. There was a long pause.

"Anything going on, deacon?" asked Miss Keziah, resuming her knitting. She was greatly puzzled to account for those Sunday clothes.

"Nothin' within the range of my observation. There won't be much a-goin' on now till 'lection time; things'll be pretty lively then."

"Want to buy any hay this year?" chirped Miss Keziah. "Mine is extra good this season; my hired man says it's the best harvest yield in town."

"I rather guess I'll hev' enough to carry me thro' the winter. If I don't I shall know where to come for hay as is hay. I declare your farm does beat all! I feel kind o' riggled like when I think the best farm in town is managed by a woman."

Miss Keziah smiled graciously, and the deacon drew his chair a little nearer his hostess. "It must be a great load for ye to carry alone. Such a large farm is a tremendous responsibility for a lone woman."

"Oh, I don't mind it. It keeps me proper busy."

The deacon hitched his chair along a few inches further. "Ye'd ought to hev' a brother or a cousin, or some relative like, to share the burden with ye."

"My shoulders are plenty strong," replied Miss Keziah, good-naturedly. "I'm glad to show folks that there are women who are good for something besides giddy-gaddying and tattling."

"Yis, yis," answered the deacon, "we can all testify to your valley and worth. You're a real honor to your sex. You're—you're a bright and shinin' beacon-light to the triflin' and vain-minded women of the world;" and the speaker waved his hand at the conclusion of this little oratorical flourish.

Then hitch, hitch, hitch, went the chair Miss Keziah ward. "Don't you feel sort o' lonely at spells?" he asked, insinuatingly.

Miss Keziah glanced suspiciously at the rapidly advancing chair. She dropped her knitting and went to the fire and piled up the blazing stacks of wood. Then she came back to the table and set her chair on the further side of it, thus putting a barrier between her and her visitor. "I'm never lonely, Deacon; plenty to do is the best medicine for loneliness."

"But woman is a tender, dependent creatur'. Woman's a vine," here the deacon took up his weekly prayer meeting drawl, "and needs suthin' to cling to when the troubles, desolatin' waves and winds o' affliction and sorrow roll over her."

"Stuff and nonsense," exclaimed Miss Keziah, with a contemptuous sniff. "I shouldn't have expected that a man of your sense, deacon, would repeat such silly trash. I have no patience with the people who are always talking as if a woman couldn't stand alone, and needed propping up like a rag doll that hadn't any backbone. I'm no vine or such creeping, helpless thing, I can tell you. I can stand alone as well as anybody, if the Lord so wills it, altho' I admit, deacon, that it's pleasanter to have some one to keep you company."

"That's jest what I've hev' hit the nail squar on the head! It's pleasanter to hev' company in our sojourn on this mortal yearth."

The Deacon seized his chair with both hands, and by a circuitous line of hitching placed it within three feet of Miss Keziah's table. "You're a fore-handed woman, Miss Keziah; I'm a man of prominence and influence in this community, and it seems to me that it would be a good thing if we could walk hand-in-hand through this vale of tears. Providence seem to point its finger that way." The Deacon was thinking at that very moment of the money he would save by a thrifty manager like Miss Keziah in the place of his inefficient, wasteful hired woman.

Miss Keziah was dumbfounded. She dropped her knitting, and the ball of yarn rolled across the floor. "Mercy," she finally gasped.

"I'll make ye a first-rate husband, and ye'll make me a good wife. We've been members of the same church for 30 years or more, and we've been members of the same spirtooal family, we'll now be members of the same human family."

Miss Keziah straightened herself up in her high backed chair and drew in her chin, while her voice rang out shrill and clear: "I rather guess it'll take two to make that bargain."

A second look at the aged admirer, who was edging up to her with a sheepish simper, exasperated Miss Keziah beyond control.

"The old fool!" she said wrathfully.

The color came into the deacon's thin cheeks, and he started to his feet, looking anxiously toward the door, as if meditating a hasty retreat. But the yarn was wound around his boots, and he was forced to remain.

Miss Keziah likewise rose, and, folding her hands primly in front of her, remarked, grimly: "When you first began your talking I hadn't the least idea what you were driving at. I thought you were hinting about Betsey Hill and wanted to take me into your confidence. I never dreamed that you meant me. Why, I suppose that every one in town knew that I would not give up my freedom for the best man living. Betsey Hill is a pious, likely woman; she'll make a good home for you, and she needs a home herself."

The deacon was completely withered, and Miss Keziah continued: "If you'll step around a little livelier, deacon, and pick up the stones on your lot and put them into good fences, and mow down those pesky weeds, there's no earthly reason why your farm shouldn't look as well as mine. If I've said anything to hurt your feelings, deacon, I hope you'll overlook it. Why, you are all tangled up in that yarn; I'll untangle it."

The delay of unwinding the yarn from the deacon's feet gave Mrs. Keziah chance for further remark: "One word more, Deacon; have you heard about the western lands?"

The Deacon wished he was anywhere out of the range of those merciless black eyes.

"I—think I've heern tell suthin' about 'em," he replied, meekly.

"I thought so! I thought so!" exclaimed Miss Keziah, savagely. "Well, Deacon, those lands rightfully belong to my niece Mary; I only hold them as her guardian."

The Deacon began to look upon his rejection as a blessing in disguise, for, without the western lands Miss Keziah's attractions seemed tame, compared with those of mild, blue-eyed, buxom widow Hill. "I can trust ye never to mention this?" he asked, timidly.

"I shall not mention it. Now follow my advice, deacon; make sure of Betsy Hill before another week goes by. You have my good wishes. See to this at once."

"Thank ye, thank ye; I don't mind if I dew."

The good woman followed her crest-fallen visitor to the door. As a sudden gust of cold night air put out the light she said: "The air is snapping to-night; have a frost, eh, deacon?"

And the discomfitted deacon felt that he had been nipped by something sharper than frost.—[Lippincott's Magazine.

When It Was Too Late.

Bessie—"Did you miss your first husband very much?"

Lulu—"Not until after I married my second."—[The Epoch.

UNREDEEMED PLEDGES.

By the sea, last summer, high up on the ledges,
Sat a pawnbroker chap with the maid of his love;
He looked in her eyes as he murmured sweet pledges,
And called as his witness the blue sky above.
A witness uncalled was concealed in the hedges,
The young lady's mamma, quite as doubting as Thomas,
Well versed in the value of unredeemed pledges,
As he finds since he's paid for his breach of promise.

—[Chatter.

AFTER SUPPER SMILES.

Rev. Straightcut—Roger, did you have anything to do with that disreputable grabbag business last evening?

Roger Straightcut—Yes, father; must confess that I had a hand in it."—[Burlington Free Press.

When the peace of Europe is rent will be a good time for somebody to put a patch on the seat of war.—[Binghamton Republican.

Briggs—There is a great deal of nonsense written about a man being the head of the house, isn't there?

Braggs—It is all moonshine in my case, at least. I am merely chairman of the committee on appropriations.—[Ferre Haute Gazette.

A most useful thing would be an index to a man's mind, by the use of which he could find what he knows at the moment he wants to use the information.—[New Orleans Picayune.

Clerk (in Montana store)—What'll yer have?

Customer—Give me a pair of alligator ear muffs, a celluloid shirt and a box of 38-cartridges. I'm going to the ball this eve.—[Clothier and Furnisher.

Brewer—I have just received an order for a large shipment of beer to Cincinnati.

Clerk—Shall I send that in No. 1 tank?

Brewer (quickly)—No, certainly not. That beer has hops in it.—[Rochester Post-Express.

"How came your great property to become dispersed and lost?" "First, a dishonest cashier robbed me of enough to force me into bankruptcy." "And, then was nothing saved to you?" "No. I found the receiver as bad as the thief."—[Chicago Times.

Beggar—Boss, would you give me a quarter? I'm dead broke.

Bloated Bondholder—I never give money to people on the street.

Beggar—Well, boss, there's a saloon on the corner, or, if you're a prohibitionist, we could go into the hotel yonder.—[Epoch.

Birdie McGinnis—My great bobby is art. I do dearly love to paint.

Gilhooly—I'm glad to hear that. It convinces me that I am an expert physiognomist, for I knew it by the looks of your face for some time past.—[Exchange.

Mumby—Say, when two trains collide they call it a telescope, don't they?

Dumley—Yes; why?

Mumby—Nothing, only I was wondering why they didn't call it a collideoscope.—[Lawrence American.

The good book says that the hairs of our head are numbered, and a few baldheads in town would like to know the place where back numbers can be obtained.—Atlanta Constitution.

Chauncey Chase (captain of the hunt, severely)—There! I knew just what would happen when Ponsonby invited that Englishman to join us.

Ponsonby (feebly)—Why, captain, he's a regular fox-hunter, and——

Chauncey Chase (savagely)—I know it! He has killed out here and broken up the club.—[Lippincott's Magazine.

Sick woman—I'm so apprehensive, dear doctor, about being buried alive.

Doctor—You shan't be if I can prevent it.—[Epoch.

There are some men to whom a loss of their reputation would mean mighty good luck.—[Washington Post.

Rounder—Say, Johnny! Did your folks have a private box at the theater last night?

Johnny—No! but they had one after they got home.—[Lowell Mail.

At a Wedding—As she moved up the aisle an usher stopped her and said, "Pardon me, are you a member of the family?" "No," she answered sweetly, "I am not, but give me a good seat, for I might have been."—[Louisville Post.

Wife—He has lain in this comatose condition for weeks.

Friend—Is there nothing that will bring him around?

"Nothing but——"

"But what?"

"The opening of the base ball season.—[Chicago Times.

It is a strange fact that the first apple was eaten by the first pair.—[Boston Post.

A LAGGING LOVER'S APOLOGY.

If you are smitten with a miss
Who love with all your heart,
And think it really would be bliss
To wed "till death do part,"
Yet haven't got the spunk of those
Who never fear rebuff,
Just tell her that you would propose
But haven't nerve enough.

—[Chicago Herald.

Always Had a Bad Tongue.

Uncle Abimelech Barnes regards himself as dreadfully abused by his wife, Aunt Amanda, who scolds him more or less, doubtless with good reason.

The other day Aunt Amanda complained of being ill, and sent Uncle Abimelech for the doctor. The physician arrived, felt Aunt Amanda's pulse, and told her to show her tongue.

"Um," said the doctor, shaking his head; "a pretty bad tongue, Mrs. Barnes, a very bad tongue."

Uncle Abimelech wriggled a little at this, and presently managed to get the physician a little to one side.

"Look a-here, doctor," said he, in a whisper, "that don't prove nothin' at all. She's had the wust kind of a tongue ever since we were married."—[Youth's Companion.

Where the Leak Was.

Mr. Billus (looking over his expense account)—Marie, we spent exactly $50 more than our income this year. We've got to retrench."

Mrs. Billus—It wasn't my fault, John, I didn't lose $75 on the election, nor pay pay out $40 in club dues, nor spend $65 for cigars, nor run through with $120 in three days at the races, nor indorse a note for $200 for mere acquaintance and lose it, nor——

Mr. Billus (still looking through the expense account)—None of these things account for that $50. By Jove! Here it is! "Subscription to pastor's salary, $50!" Marie, we can't stand that! The preacher will have to get along without anything from me this year.—[Chicago Tribune.

WHY, OH! WHY?

If marriage is a failure why do widows now and then
When through with one disaster set about to fail again?

And widowers whose married lives were full of bleak distress
Wed just as often as they can, if 'tisn't a success?

—[Chicago Herald.

Where He Heard It.

"You should visit the seaside, Mr. Blank," said a gushing young maiden to a crusty old lawyer, "and listen to the murmuring of the tide."

"I hear enough of that every day," grunted the lawyer.

"Where at?" queried the girl.

"In the divorce court," replied the wretch.—[Atlanta Constitution.

Confused in Her Latin.

Mr. Blobson—Well, my dear, did you go down to the court room this morning?

Mrs. Blobson—Yes.

Mr. Blobson—What did the jury do with that scoundrel, Smith?

Mrs. Blobson—Oh, they let him off. He proved an alias, or something of that kind.—[Burlington Free Press.

A Deceptive Thought.

Rev. Dr. Primrose—"When you were stealing the cake, my young friend, what thought did you have?"

Little Johnnie—"I thought nobody was looking."—[The Epoch.

Our Serial Story.

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A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY

Thomas W. Knox

AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND THROUGH ASIA," "THE YOUNG NIMRODS," "THE BOY TRAVELERS" (IN TEN VOLUMES), "CAMP-FIRE AND COTTON FIELD," "UNDER GROUND," "DECISIVE BATTLES SINCE WATERLOO," "JOHN," "HOW TO TRAVEL," "MARCO POLO FOR BOYS AND GIRLS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MARSEILLES AND NAPLES.

HE secured passage on a steamer bound for Constantinople, which was the next point to which his business called him. The steamer belonged to the line known to English-speaking people as the French Mail, its official designation "Compagnie des Messageries Maritimes;" it is the second largest steamship company in the world, the Peninsular & Oriental of England being the first. The French company owns some fifty or sixty steamers; they ply from Marseilles to all parts of the world—to the ports of the Mediterranean and Black seas, to India, China, Japan, Australia, the coasts of Africa and South America, and some ambitious Frenchmen predict that the company will one day send its vessels to the moon and the nearest of the stars, provided it can find navigable waters to connect them with the earth. It is heavily subsidized by the French government and works harmoniously with its great English rival, the Peninsular & Oriental, briefly and more familiarly known as the P. & O.

The steamer sailed late one afternoon, and as they passed out of the harbor of Marseilles, Dick had a good opportunity to gaze upon the famous Chateau d'If, where Mirabeau was once imprisoned, and which has been immortalized in Dumas's novel "The Count of Monte Cristo." Then out upon the blue waters and along the rocky coast the steamer held her way, her prow being directed towards Naples, which was her first landing place.

Dick had taken passage in the first cabin, and as soon as he was fairly at sea his attention was drawn to his fellow passengers. He was the only American among the first cabin passengers, the rest being English and a few French travellers, the number of the latter being less than of the former. The Frenchman generally travels second-class from motives of economy, even if his purse is well supplied with money, and it not infrequently happens that there will be no Frenchmen whatever in the first cabin of a French steamer. The fare is pretty much the same in the two cabins, those in the second having one dish less at each meal than those in the first, and all having equal privileges on deck. In the second cabin four passengers are lodged in a room, while in the first the rooms are for two persons only; and by a little negotiation and the payment of a fee privately to the chief steward, a passenger in the first cabin can generally secure an entire room to himself if the vessel is not crowded. There is a third class, which corresponds to the steerage on trans-Atlantic ships, and there is a fourth class, that is restricted to a certain part of the deck and does not have the privilege of going below, like the third class. A traveler with a slender purse can get along fairly well in the fourth class provided the weather is fine, but if a storm arises his place is not one to be envied. Comparatively few of what we may call white people patronize the fourth class, which is generally taken up by Orientals. An Oriental selects a spot on the deck, spreads his yard square of carpet, squats down upon it and remains as though rooted to the place for nearly all the voyage.

Third or fourth-class passengers may bring their own food if they choose or may buy of the steward. In the higher classes this option is not allowed, the passage money including the fare at the tables, and also wine of an ordinary character. In many instances it is very ordinary wine indeed, being little better than water colored with logwood or aniline dye. Nearly everybody drinks it, partly because it is the French custom to drink wine of some kind at meals, and partly on the general tendency of human nature take whatever can be had for nothing. It is a wise provision of nature of the makers of French table wines that those liquids contain little alcohol; otherwise there would be many scenes of intoxication on board the steamers of the French mail line. Dick declined the wines that were offered him, to the astonishment of the steward who waited upon him at the table. His refusal of the wine endeared him to the chief steward, who supplied the food and drink for the passengers at a stipulated figure, and therefore whatever they did not take was so much to his benefit. Dick surmised this soon after leaving port, and on learning the state of affairs he was not surprised to see a delighted smile playing on the steward's features when the indications showed that a storm was coming which would confine many of the passengers to their berths and diminish the quantity of food consumed at table.

The storm came the next morning, and very lively were the waves on the Mediterranean. For an inland sea this body of water can shake a vessel in an extraordinary manner, as many a traveler can testify, and it is not to be wondered that the Genoese navigator, Columbus, who had been accustomed to the storms of the Mediterranean, should not hesitate to face anything that the Atlantic could produce. A sailor with a good record on this famous sea can be a good navigator in any part of the globe.

The waves washed the vessel from stem to stern, driving everybody below who could go there, and putting the few passengers of the fourth class into the condition of half drowned hens. But the gale did not last long, some six or eight hours, and in a little while the waters were once more comparatively smooth.

It is a run of about 48 hours from Marseilles to Naples, but the gale retarded the steamer so much that it was nearly daylight of the third day of her voyage when she passed between the islands of Ischia and Capri and entered the bay which has been for many centuries the admiration of all beholders. Rocky Ischia and equally rocky Capri shut out the waves of the Mediterranean and project the harbor from storms from that direction, while the high land on the other side prevents its being swept by dangerous winds. As he looked upon the beautiful bay, Dick realized the force of the Italian proverb which says: *Vide Napoli e poi mori*—see Naples and then die.

Ordinarily the steamers remain only an hour or two and do not give time for passengers to go on shore. On this occasion it happened that a considerable amount of freight was to be taken on board and greatly to Dick's delight a notice was posted at the gangway that the vessel would not sail before 1 p. m. and passengers must be on board by that hour. Dick had made the acquaintance of three young Englishmen and they quickly joined him in forming a shore party with the determination to see as much as possible in their limited time.

They hired a boat to take them ashore, as there are no docks at Naples where steamers tie up and in a few minutes were dancing over the waters. The smoking summit of Vesuvius formed a conspicuous landmark to the South; it was the first volcano that Dick had ever seen and he regarded it with great curiosity. He was disappointed at the thin volume of smoke that rose from it, scarcely more than one might see from the chimney of a large factory and he mentioned his disappointment to his companions.

"Come here in the time of an eruption, "said one of them, "and you'll see a different sight. My brother was here once when Vesuvius was in full blast and to say the spectacle was awful, beyond description. See that dark streak that winds down the side of the mountain and comes to the low ground back of that cluster of houses?"

The others looked to where he pointed and saw a broad, irregular and dark streak that resembled a river. It came from the base of the mountain, or rather from the base of the cone, and evidently had flowed down during an eruption.

"That's one of the streams of lava that you have read about. When Herculaneum was overflowed it was the ashes and lava that did it and the stream came down to the sea. Since then it has generally stopped before getting there but you can't tell when there'll be an eruption that will overwhelm the whole of Naples if the wind happens to be right.

"It was the ashes and mud from Vesuvius that buried Pompeii, which wasn't so badly wiped out as Herculaneum was. Wish we had time to go there and see the ruined cities, but we haven't and so we'll drop 'em. But talking of the eruptions of the mountain, they are worth coming thousands of miles to see. The lava flows out from the base of the cone, a burning, red-hot river. Red-hot stones, some of 'em as large as a house, are thrown in the air sometimes for a mile or more; great volumes of smoke pour out, ashes and cinders go up in clouds, and sometimes they're so full of fire that they darken the sky and make it seem at noon as if night had come on. At night the flames shoot up like great rockets or in masses of fire, and very often its so hot that nobody can stay within a mile or two of the cone. All these towns and villages are liable to be destroyed just like Herculaneum and Pompeii, but the people build here and cultivate the ground as though they had the safest place in the world. Come here when there's an eruption of Vesuvius, and you'll say it beats the circus all out of sight."

The oddity of his comparison roused a smile on Dick's face similar to that which appeared when a countryman of the speaker once said to him "that Niagara Falls of yours must be a neat sort of thing to look at, don't yer know?" But he suppressed the smile as well as possible, and asked a few questions, which were promptly answered; meantime the boat was moving on toward the landing place, and the strangers set their feet on Italian soil.

"Of course we couldn't see all that we wanted to in four hours," said Dick in a letter to his mother, "but we certainly saw a great deal. We hired a carriage, and by a lively time making a bargain for it, as only one of us could speak any Italian and he not much. We had taken the precaution before leaving the ship to get some French money changed into Italian, as there is a considerable discount upon the paper with which Naples is supplied, and we wanted to save it. It took several minutes to make our bargain for the carriage, and when it was done we jumped in and told the driver to take us to the church of San Martino and the castle of St. Elmo. We went there partly because of the fine view which the place affords, as it is built on a hill overlooking the city; the castle and church are close together and the castle could throw shot into all parts of Naples and lay it in ruins if it were in the hands of an enemy who had proper artillery and ammunition and wanted to do his worst.

"San Martino is a church and monastery and is filled with costly paintings which we could barely more than glance at. The guide book tells us that it was begun in 1325 by Duke Charles of Calabria and was almost entirely rebuilt two hundred years ago. We asked where the monks lived, but were told that the monastery was suppressed some years ago by the Italian government, along with all the other monasteries in the country. These monasteries were very rich and the government took possession of their property and sent away the monks. They must have lived in fine style during the days of their prosperity, if we are to judge by the richness of the place and the size of their halls and rooms.

"The castle is to the rear of the church and higher up, and is said to be about six hundred years old. In old times it was considered impregnable but has now been dismantled and is used as a prison. The officer at the gate sent a guide around with us. He showed us the cisterns that used to be filled with water enough to sustain a long siege, and a lot of subterranean chambers and passages hewn out of the solid rock. It is said that there was an underground way between the fort and the royal palace in the city, but we didn't think to ask if that was really the case. If so, it must have been more than a mile long and not a very cheerful place for a morning walk. After looking through the inside of the fort we took a short stroll on the ramparts where we could look upon a wide extent of country all around Naples. The guide pointed out Pozzuoli, Misenum, Sorrento, and several other places in the vicinity of Naples of which he had read or heard, and we tried to imagine that we had seen them all.

"We were very sorry not to be able to go to Pozzuoli and around there, for it is there that you see the Sybil's cave, Nero's prison, Nero's tomb, the Lake of Avernus, and many other things of which you have read in school books and histories. But the excursion and sight-seeing consume a whole day and therefore the journey was out of the question. Soon as we had done with the castle and church on the hill we went again to our carriages and drove back to the city to get a glimpse of some of the churches and spend a little while in the localities frequented by the famous lazzaroni.

"Naples may be considered the paradise of beggars, if we are to judge by what we saw. Every time our carriage stopped there was a swarm of beggars about it in a moment as though they had sprung up from the ground; they were in all conditions of lameness and other infirmities and we could readily believe the assertion that there are factories all through Italy where beggars are turned out to order. Their usual appeal is for something to keep them from starving, accompanied with gesticulations indicating hunger.

"It is of no use to give these beggars something in the hope of sending them away; the more you give the more they demand, and if you give liberally you will soon be surrounded by fifty or a hundred all beseeching at once. The one man of our party who had been here before accommodated the starving ones in a way that they did not like; he bought a few cents worth of little cakes that are sold ten for a cent and whenever a beggar appeared and said he was starving we gravely handed out one of these cakes. Some of them threw the donations on the ground, and abused us roundly in language that we did not understand, while others turned away in silence. Two or three beggars laughed as though they appreciated the joke upon themselves, but the most of them were too much disappointed to take it as anything but a very serious matter.

"We stopped at the museum, which contains a great quantity of Italian antiquities and works of art, but we had no time to consider them all or a tenth part of them. We went straight to the rooms which contain Pompeian relics, as they were the things that interested us more than any other. There were bronzes, pieces of statuary, mural paintings, domestic utensils, vases, and many other things which have been rescued from the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and brought here so that everybody can see them. I can't begin to tell you all that we saw, and if I did, perhaps you might be weary of reading about them.

"One thing I can't help mentioning, as it was so very interesting to us all. It was the figure of a man in Pompeii who had been covered by the mud and ashes that overwhelmed the city. When the excavating was going on the workmen came upon a little hole that seemed to have been made by a finger sticking upwards. The officer in charge of the work was called and melted tallow was poured into the hole until the cavity was filled. When the place would hold no more the tallow was allowed to cool and afterwards the earth was carefully broken away around it. It was found that the hole represented the shape of a man, and the tallow had formed a cast from which a mould was made, and with this mould they made the plaster cast which we saw in the museum.

"There is the whole figure of the man, not in a position of agony, but lying on his side and breast, with his head on his arm, as though he were asleep. And what a sleep he had! eighteen hundred years, until the excavators came with their melted tallow and brought him to the light of day for us to look at!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FROM NAPLES TO ATHENS.

ON their way back from the museum to the lower part of the city, the party looked into several of the churches, but it was such a hasty inspection that it could scarcely be called a visit. Then they went to the poorer part of the city, which was not far from the place where they landed from the steamer, and looked about for the lazzaroni.

This name was formerly applied to a distinct class or body of the poorer inhabitants, who elected a *capo lazzaro*, or chief, through whom the government found it easier to control this turbulent lot than by dealing directly with them. They derive their name from the beggar Lazarus, who is mentioned in the Bible; at the end of the last century there were 40,000 of them, living, literally, from hand to mouth, sleeping in archways, in the open air, or in large baskets which they carried about with them, and camped down wherever night happened to overtake them. At present they are no longer recognized as a separate class, and the government has greatly improved their habits by inspiring in them some respect for cleanliness and order, though there is still a chance for much improvement. The term now includes the boatmen, street peddlers, porters, beggars and all other people who have no fixed places of abode and whose employments are uncertain.

"We saw groups of ragged men lying in the sun," said Dick in his letter, "and having the appearance of being perfectly contented with life. One of these groups stirred itself somewhat when a man and woman appeared carrying a large kettle of steaming soup and a basketful of bread which they put down in the street and began to peddle out to all applicants who had the money to pay for it. For two cents they gave a pint of soup with a good sized piece of bread, the woman ladling out the soup while the man took in the money and delivered the bread. Then another peddler came along with macaroni which sold for one or two cents a plate according to the quantity. We beckoned up two or three ragged boys and indicated that we would pay for a macaroni dinner for them, and then you should have seen the fun.

"That they were hungry there could be no doubt to judge by the way the long lengths of soft and hot macaroni went down their throats. They did not stop to eat it after civilized fashion, but took the stuff in their hands, and held strip after strip in the air and aimed it at their mouths, with their faces nearly horizontal. From long practice they were very accurate in hitting the mark, and when it was hit the yard or so of macaroni went down the throat like a snake disappearing in a hole in the ground. In an incredibly short time they had each swallowed enough macaroni to make a dinner for two or three Americans of average size, and were looking around, like Oliver Twist, for more.

"Some Italians claim that this is the proper way to eat macaroni, hold the strings in the air and let them slip down the throat by force of gravity. A gentleman tells me that he has watched the chickens around the places where macaroni is drying, and they have a trick of getting beneath the drying-frames and then, poising themselves to take good aim, they spring a foot or so into the air. They let the string of soft dough slip down their throats and bite it off at the right moment. I observed that some of the chickens had very long necks and wondered if it was in order that they could swallow more macaroni than other chickens, or that the practice had developed the peculiarity. Which was the cause and which the effect?

"Time was up while we were looking at the macaroni contest. We dismissed the carriage, not without a row about the price we owed the driver, and then hastened to the boat which was waiting for us at the landing.

"Half way to the steamer the two boatmen stopped rowing, and demanded that they should be paid two francs more than we had agreed to give them; we refused, and thereupon they turned the boat around, and started back towards the shore.

"Here was a dilemma! The boatmen were trying a game of extortion that they undertake very often; they knew that we had to be on board very soon and had no time to summon the police and make a complaint against them. We were obliged to act quickly and act we did.

"There were four of us and only two of them. One of our party was an Englishman six feet tall and very muscular and he rose at once to the necessities of the situation. Raising his cane in a threatening manner he told the fellows in very emphatic English that if they didn't row straight for the steamer he would annihilate them. The rest of us made a motion as though we were ready to assist him and another of the Englishmen seized one of the oars as if he intended to do part of the rowing himself.

"The scoundrels submitted at once, and sullenly continued on the proper course. We reached the steamer in due time, and found that we had come off a good deal better than some of the other boat parties. One of them had paid twice the agreed price, and nearly every one had been forced into giving something extra."

One party played their own game upon the boatmen by agreeing at once to their demand, and promising to pay whatever was asked. This encouraged them, and they again doubled their figure, which was promptly acceded to. But on reaching the ship and getting safely to the deck, the spokesman and paymaster of the party coolly handed the boatmen the price originally agreed upon, and nothing more; of course the fellows made an outcry, and declared they had been cheated, but as soon as they started the disturbance they were hustled over the side by orders of the officer in charge of the deck.

"We steamed out of Naples, passing between Capri and Sorrento and heading our prow toward the south. All the afternoon we watched the Italian coast, which lay in view upon the left, but sometimes so far distant that we could discern little more than its outline.

"In the night we passed Stromboli, one of the Lipari islands, which lie in the track of vessels bound from Naples to the Straits of Messina. I staid up to see it, as it is one of the few volcanoes in the world in constant activity, and it has been so for many hundreds of years. It is called the 'Lighthouse of the Mediterranean,' and certainly deserves the name, as it has an eruption every eight minutes which lights up the clouds and sky above it, and is visible for a long distance. It isn't a large mountain, only three thousand feet high, and the crater is on the north side of the highest peak. Every flash or eruption sends a shower of stones into the air, but they nearly all fall back into the crater, and so this constant activity does very little damage. The lower slopes of the mountain are cultivated, and yield excellent grapes and figs, and I am told that the volcanic soil all through Italy seems peculiarly adapted to the production of grapes, and consequently of wine. And here I will remark that a great deal of wine is made in Italy; part of it is exported, but by far the largest portion of the product is consumed by the inhabitants. The Italians are great drinkers of wine, but are not much inclined to ardent spirits, less so than the French."

The next stopping place of the steamer was at the Piraeus, the port of Athens, and here again our friend had the opportunity for several hours on shore. The Piraeus is about four miles from Athens, and the port and city are connected by a railway and also by a carriage road. The same party was formed as at Naples and together they drove through the Greek capital, and visited the Acropolis and other famous places.

Dick was greatly impressed with the Acropolis, which is a hill overlooking the city and containing the Parthenon, several temples, a theater, and other structures dating from the time of ancient Greece. He tried to remember that he was on the spot where the eloquence of Demosthenes held his audiences spell-bound, and that before him was the hill where Saint Paul preached his sermon on the unknown God. Near at hand were the prison where Socrates took the cup of poison which his judges administered, and the temples where the gods and goddesses of Greek mythology were worshipped.

Most of the time at his disposal was spent on the Acropolis, and of what he saw there Dick wrote as follows:

"The Acropolis is a high rock about nine hundred feet long by half that width; it is fully five hundred feet above the level of the sea. Our guide pointed out Hymettus and other mountains in the vicinity, in f

MRS. BEECHER AT HOME

WITH HER BIRDS AND FLOWERS

Her Opinion of the Grand Old Man—What She Thinks of Mrs. Grover Cleveland and Baby McKee—Hints on Matrimony—Her Early Struggles.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher was seated in a comfortable old arm chair in her new residence, corner of Orange and Hicks streets, when the writer called. The dwelling is one of a row of red brick, two stories in height, with a basement. The windows are filled with fragrant flowers, little daisies and pansies being included. A meadow lark chants a lay and a bobolink follows; birds of all species in almost every window join in the chorus, and Mrs. Beecher sits listening until the last note has been rendered.

Portraits of the late Henry Ward Beecher adorn the walls, and a door plate with his name on it occupies space on the mantlepiece, while landscape and marine scenes are hung here and there with an eye to the artistic.

Mrs. Beecher greeted the writer warmly and, with a merry twinkle in her soft blue eye, in answer to what she thought of the world's fair, said:

"Oh, well, if Chicago is going to have the fair, all right. New York should be the place; but if Providence decides otherwise, there is nothing to do but aid the undertaking to success. As for myself, I don't suppose I would see the fair if it came to New York. I seldom travel much. The only traveling that I do is on fine Sunday mornings to a sacred spot in Greenwood.

"I long to live in the country," continued Mrs. Beecher, "where everything is quiet, and listen to the birds chanting amid the verdure of the wood, gather flowers and ramble beneath over-hanging bowers, where nothing would break the silence, where he used to love to steal and while away the hours; but since he's gone," she said in a subdued voice, "there is no place dearer on earth to me than Brooklyn. Around this corner Mr. Beecher and I have passed hundreds of times, and from this window I can watch the people going to Plymouth on Sundays when I am unable to attend myself, and then besides in Brooklyn are some of my dearest friends; here I have lived over forty years; 'twas here that prosperity first dawned upon us, and it is here that I hope to rest near one long gone before."

"Are you fond of flowers, Mrs. Beecher?"

"Yes, I am very fond of flowers. Mr. Beecher always was, and when I have them near and the birds are singing, I feel contented, for I know if he were living he would have it so."

Mrs. Beecher said that she was going to Florida shortly for the benefit of her health, which has been poor for some time.

"I don't know how long I shall stay," said she, "Florida is such a delightful place, and it may be many months before I return."

"What do you think of the fashions of the day?"

"Well, I don't know much about fashions," she replied; "there are some styles I admire and some that I do not. Some people have taste and some haven't. Mrs. Grover Cleveland is a delightful person, and is one of my warmest friends."

Mrs. Beecher said that while stopping in London she and Mr. Beecher heard Mr. Gladstone.

Mrs. Beecher Does Not Believe in Old Age.

"I think he is one of the grandest old men of the age. Pshaw! 'Old,' did I say? You know I don't believe in old age.

"'A wedge of gold
Is never old,'

"Why, my grandmother at a hundred used to sew and work around without spectacles. I think as long as there is intelligence and ability to fill one's place in life one is never old. Of course there are times when one feels down-hearted and life seems all but a farce. Some people cultivate the approach of old age by worrying over trifling matters. Some men with great disappointments and not a few have grown old age by dissipation."

Mrs. Beecher went on to say that a person that is true to himself and to his God need have no fear of the flight of time. It is not years that make us old; it is the way in which we have utilized the time allotted us by God. Life is not a path of roses, nor was it intended so. We were placed on this earth amid temptations so that we could decide between right and wrong—to gain the heavenly throne or to be cast forever into oblivion.

"Poverty is a hard master," she continued, "and is ever waiting at the door to enter. I came from a very humble lived family, and have always taken things as they come. I believe in working until you are called away, and when you go, go suddenly."

"Have you seen the President's grandchild, Baby McKee, yet?"

"No. I have not seen the dear little king of the White House. He must be a great favorite."

Speaking of the writers of the day, Mrs. Beecher said:

"There are several of whom I think favorably. There is no Dickens or Thackeray, though, but there are many clever writers. Robert Elsmere' is a good book of its kind.

Young People Should only Marry for Love.

"Love," said Mrs. Beecher, "should always be given first place in the hearts of the young. Love in marriage is sure to bring happiness. Marriage without love is a mockery and a violation of natural laws. Young people should never marry for money. Love is the highest ideal of life, and is the best part of nature. God loves us all, and for whom He gave His only begotten Son."

Mrs. Beecher said that when love is kindled in the breasts of two young people it is right that they should marry and be happy together. As for titles, what's in a name? As for love, it is everything.

Mr. and Mrs. Beecher Lived on $400 a Year.

"I married for love," she continued, "and fifty years of a happier life, I think, would be hard to find. Very few persons worked harder than I did in early married life. For ten years Mr. Beecher and I lived on $400 a year. We kept boarders and struggled along in poverty, but managed to keep the wolf from the door."

Mrs. Beecher thought that young people should know each other before marrying, so that in after years they will not be disappointed. In conclusion she said:

"To young people I would say, never marry in haste, take plenty of time to consider the matter, and, above all things, marry for love."—[N. Y. Journal.

"Every Spring,"

Says one of the best housewives in New England, "We feel the necessity of taking a good medicine to purify the blood, and we all take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It keeps the children free from humors, my husband says it gives him a good appetite, and for myself I am sure I could never do all my work if it was not for this splendid medicine. It makes me feel strong and cheerful, and I am never troubled with headache or that tired feeling, as I used to be."

A KISS IN THE LETTER.

The Latest Fad in Lovers' Correspondence.

A beau took a letter from his pocket in order to read something from it to a fair cousin who sat by his side.

"Ah! she mailed you a kiss," the girl remarked.

"Not that I know of," was the fellow's reply.

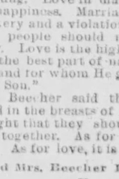
"Look there," and she pointed to a crinkled place down at the corner of the sheet, such as a damp spot might have left.

"Haven't you learned the latest sentimental thing? A girl presses the paper to her lips, leaving a mark like that, and so incloses a kiss without writing a word of confession. That's what Jennie did, and you, goose that you are, never noticed it."

The next thing the stationers will turn out may be ready kissed paper, with a faint tint of red lips and a delicious scent of fragrant breath pertaining thereto. Art is ever quick to beat nature.—[Clara Belle in Philadelphia Press.

Neuralgia

TRADE MARK



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ASTROLOGY FOR APRIL.

Predictions of the Seers, Zadkiel and Raphael.

Saturn retrograding in the sign Leo brings further troubles on France, where (observes Zadkiel's Voice of the Stars) some shocks of earthquake will be felt on or soon after the 19th inst.; some vibration extending to England, for at the new moon Saturn is in the fourth angle (lower meridian). Jupiter progressing in Aquarius benefits London; measures of reform are carried through Parliment. In the latter part of this month Saturn becomes stationary in the Dragon's head 27 deg. 1 min. and afflicts the Kaiser of Germany; also all persons who were born on or about the 19th of August, and those at whose birth the moon held the 27th or the 28th degree of the sign Leo. The 14th is an evil birthday-anniversary, particularly for those born in 1848, 1849, 1858, or 1867. The 17th is fortunate for builders, miners, potters, gardners, and farmers; especially for those who were born in 1864, 1853, 1856, 1860, 1869, or 1870. The 20th is also a fortunate birthday anniversary, particularly for those persons who had the moon in the 10th degree of Aquarius. The 23d is an evil day for persons born on or about the 4th of December, and for those whose ascendant or moon held the 14th degree of Sagittarius; they should have a care of accidents by horses and fire-arms.

Raphael's Voice of the Heavens says: "The beginning of the celestial sign cancer will arise at the time of the new moon on the 19th. The sun, moon and Mercury will be in the eleventh house, Venus will be on the cusp of the twelfth, Saturn exactly on the cusp of the fourth, Uranus in the fifth, Mars in the sixth, and Jupiter in the ninth; the luminaries will have just passed a trine of Saturn and an opposition of Uranus; Mercury will be in square to Jupiter; this position is not good for money, but denotes some banking or mercantile failures of a heavy nature; Saturn placed on the cusp of the fourth will produce an unfavorable month for agriculture and an untoward time for the fruits of the earth. Mars in the sixth threatens sickness, but Jupiter in the ninth promises success in navagation and a fortunate time for sailors and fishermen. Venus on the cusp of the twelfth points to some amelioration in the treatment of prisoners. On the whole, the map is not an important one, by any means, as none of the planets, except Saturn, are angular.

Mars becomes stationary in the 14th degree of Sagittary, and forbodes ill to Spain, London and the West of England, as well as the United States of America; in these countries an unruly spirit will be manifested, strikes and rioting, fires and accidents. Saturn becomes stationery at the end of the month in the ruling sign of France, hence serious troubles will arise in that country, trades will be languishing and political feelings will run very high.

Following are the admonitions for each day in the month:

1. Almost unpropitious day; be careful.
2. Avoid quarreling and lawyers this day.
3. Do not buy or speculate.
4. Buy, ask favors and push thy business between noon and 8 p. m.
5. Keep quiet; neither buy nor ask favors.
6. Sunday; avoid the fair.
7. Uncertainty prevails.
8. Sell before noon; an unpropitious day.
9. Avoid lawyers and quarreling this day.
10. Travel, remove and ask favors of elderly persons.
11. Much doubt exists.
12. Sell, but for aught else the day is evil.
13. Sunday—A very favorable day; travel and visit thy friends.
14. Ask favors, remove and travel before 6 p. m.
15. Court, marry and seek the fair.
16. Much doubt exists; be careful.
17. Buy and push thy affairs in afternoon and evening.
18. An unpropitious day; be careful.
19. Postpone matters of importance.
20. Sunday—Court and marry.
21. Sell before 11 a. m., after which, doubtful.
22. Buy before 11 a. m., after which, unfortunate.
23. Travel, remove, and deal with aged people.
24. Ask favors and buy before 11 a. m.
25. Court in afternoon and evening.
26. Very doubtful; be careful.
27. Sunday—Travel and visit thy friends in the afternoon.
28. Travel and remove up to 4 p. m., after which, sell.
29. Ask favors and buy carefully in the afternoon and evening.
30. An unpropitious day; be careful of quarreling.

"An Honest Man is the Noblest Work of God," and vice versa.

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HE DID FOOL HER,

An Incident at a Masquerade Party in Yankeedom.

From the Boston Courier.

It was in a town not a thousand miles from Boston that there were recently given a couple of masquerade parties at private houses. At the second of these the hostess of the first party found herself talking very amiably with a mask in whom she supposed herself to recognize a gentleman who had come to the town just after her own entertainment. Simply for the purpose of making conversation, and of throwing the gentleman off the scent of her own identity, she asked:

"Were you at Mrs. Blank's masquerade party?"

"No," he answered, "I was not honored with an invitation."

"Were you here at the time?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, "but Mrs. Blank does not like me."

Consternation seized upon Mrs. Blank, but she instantly determined not to betray heaself.

"Doesn't she?" she returned carelessly. "Probably that is one of the things which you imagine. Some people are always supposing that others do not like them, you know."

Her companion seemed a trifle annoyed. "I am not one of that sort," he retorted, rather brusquely. "Besides, she has intimated to me that she did not like me."

"Is it fair to ask how?" Mrs. Blank asked, entirely mystified in regard to the identity of her interlocutor.

"Why, I should not mind telling you if I were sure that you wouldn't repeat it."

"Oh, I never betray a confidence," the lady said eagerly.

The gentleman leaned over until his face under its mask was near to hers.

"I asked her to marry me."

Mrs. Blank was more startled than ever. The train of her old suitors—and in her day she had had not a few—came up before her mental vision, and she wondered which one of them chance had brought to her side to-night, but in vain.

"Just," he said, slowly, "because a lady refused you it need not follow that she disliked you. I am sure a woman is not to be supposed to dislike every man she does not wish to marry. That would be a most absurd assumption."

"To be sure it would," he assented cheerfully, "but in this particular case she did not refuse me."

"Did not refuse you!" echoed Mrs. Blank in astonishment. "She certainly did not accept you?"

"That is precisely what she did do."

"It is not——" Mrs. Blank began; and then, considering that if she said true it would be showing more knowledge of Mrs. Blank's affairs than was compatible with pretending to be another person, she changed her sentence and said, "credible that she should accept you and then marry another man."

"She didn't, Kate," her husband said, in his own voice; "she married me."

"Tom!" she cried.

"Yes, my dear," Tom answered, "you told me at our party that I couldn't fool you."

"You are a wretch and a monster!" she declared, "and I will never forgive you."

But she did, and told the joke at her own expense before the evening was over.

May Have to Borrow.

Wife (piously)—You haven't given up anything for Lent, have you, Henry?

Husband—No, dear, but I'm going to give up $25 for your new Easter bonnet.

Wife (with tears in her eyes)—Oh, Henry, what a good Christian you are.—[Washington Star.

MISS ALICE B. SANGER,

HARRISON'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

How the Correspondence of the White House is Handled by the Deft Fingers of a Young Woman.

[Written for The Blade by Caroline S. Pepper. Copyrighted 1890.]

HE calling and visiting public of the capital numbers ten thousand. During a season the ladies of the cabinet receive this many, and senatorial ladies who are well liked meet half this number. The list of the most popular representative's wife rarely goes over 3,000, and even the ordinary individual passes the allotted 500 friends before the winter passes. One can conceive the immense labor attending the proper care of so many callers, and can understand Mrs. Chief Justice Fuller's plaint when she said: "It takes my three older daughters and myself every morning in the week putting down the people who call on a Monday, and answering invitations."

Every year it becomes a more colossal task, and some women have been obliged to hire secretaries just for that work unless they have daughters. If they do have, the task falls upon them, and many a wealthy senator's daughter works as hard as a copyist in the departments.

For some time after Gen. Harrison's election to the presidency Mrs. Harrison tried the task of being her own secretary. As the mail increased to forty and sixty letters per day she called in the President's stenographer, Miss Alice B. Sanger, to write her letters, and she herself signed them. Ever since her return to the White House in October she has been obliged to delegate the whole duty to Miss Sanger, and only personal friends receive letters in the handwriting of the mistress of the White House.

When the morning mail comes to the executive mansion the letters are quickly separated by a clerk, who puts all directed to Mrs. Harrison on Miss Sanger's desk. She runs over them quickly, throwing aside those that bear the unmistakable script of the crank. The others she carries to to Mrs. Harrison's room. The two sit down at the desk. Miss Sanger selects those that bear the writing of any of Mrs. Harrison's intimate friends, opens them with her silver paper knife, throws away the envelope and passes the letter to Mrs. Harrison. If it is anything she wishes to answer herself she places it to one side. Otherwise she returns the letter to Miss Sanger, who takes stenographic notes of the desired reply always on the letter, so that there can be no mixing of answers.

Then the grand bulk of letters—the begging variety—are taken up. The secretary reads them at a glance, and tells the gist to Mrs. Harrison. For instance, a woman in Wisconsin, or Alabama, or Texas writes for a dollar to buy a rheumatism plaster, and in leading up to the request inadvertently relates her whole history and the laborious process by which she contracted the disease. Miss Sanger says: "Mrs. ——, of ——, wants one dollar to buy a cure for her rheumatism."

According to the reply she puts "yes" or "no" in one head of the letter, and in a few days Mrs. ——, of ——, is delighted with a letter on White House paper bearing the words:

Mrs. Harrison begs me to state that she is very sorry for your affliction, but there are so many calls on her charity, etc.

A signature that is probably known today better than any other woman's in the United States. Usually three-quarters of an hour is taken up in going through the mail. Miss Sanger then gathers up all the letters, goes back to the office and takes the odd half hours between the President's or Secretary Halford's calls upon her to write the answers.

It is said that Miss Sanger knows more about the President's affairs than any one except Private Secretary Halford, and for a matter of ten days before the opening of Congress she was the only one besides Mr. Halford who knew the President's message.

She is a jewel of secrecy, this young woman, and both the President and Mrs. Harrison trust her with every confidence. She is a down east girl, and was born in Connecticut twenty-four years ago. Her parents moved to Indianapolis when she was a child, and it was there she had her schooling. At 15 she graduated from the high school, and expected to go to college the following year. Her father, who was traffic manager of the Indiana railroad, met with reverses, lost his health, and the young daughter was forced to study typewriting and stenography. She wrote in various offices, and was taking court reports one day when Mr. Miller, of the law firm of Harrison, Miller & Elam, rushed in and asked for a stenographer. She went to his office and was there two years, when Gen. Harrison was nominated to the Presidency. She knew him but slightly, as the other stenographer in the office did his work; but the day after the nomination Mr. Miller sent her to the Harrison homestead, and she remained there until January, when the President gave her a two months' leave. She traveled abroad during that time; and in addition to being one of the best stenographers at the capital, she is also a cultured and noble looking girl.

CAROLINE SIFTON PEPPER.

—BEECHAM'S PILLS cure bilious and nervous ills.

Baseball and Music.

She (after a solo on the piano)—"Now you play, Mr. Goodun. Or are you out of practice?"

He—"Yes, a little. But we go on the field next week, although we shan't get down to steady work for some time yet."—[Lawrence American.

Seasonable Raiment.

Garb with plainness stamped upon it
Marks the Lenten time of gloom;
But around the Easter bonnet
Will be bursting into bloom.
—[Boston Budget.

Peculiar to Itself

That Hood's Sarsaparilla does possess curative power Peculiar to Itself is conclusively shown by the wonderful cures it has effected, unsurpassed in the history of medicine. This absolute merit it possesses by reason of the fact that it is prepared by a Combination, Proportion and Process Peculiar to Hood's Sarsaparilla, known to no other medicine, and by which the full medicinal power of all the ingredients used is retained. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Juniper Berries, and other well known vegetable remedies. It has won its way to the leading place among medicines by its own intrinsic, undisputed merit, and has now a larger sale than any other preparation.

"I take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and find it the best medicine for the blood I ever tried. Large quantities of it are sold in this vicinity. As a blood medicine and spring tonic, it stands ahead of all others." H. N. PHILLIPS, Editor Sentinel-Advertiser, Hope Valley, R. I.

"Every spring for years I have made it a practice to take from three to five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, because I know it purifies the blood and thoroughly cleanses the system of all impurities." W. H. LAWRENCE, Editor Agricultural Epitomist, Indianapolis, Ind.

"For five years I was sick every spring, but last year began in February to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I used five bottles and have not seen a sick day since." G. W. SLOAN, Milton, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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100 Doses One Dollar

APPRECIATION'S USES.

Eleanor Kirk States a Syllogism and Proves It to Be Logical.

[Written for THE BLADE. Copyright, 1890.

The following syllogism will bear the test of logical analysis:

Appreciation is conducive to the happiness of woman.

The majority of wome are not appreciated—or are not made to feel the genial effects of appreciation.

Therefore the majority of women are not happy.

This syllogism will be equally logical if we substitute men for women, though the statement would not be so correct, as men on account of a more robust training are not as a rule so dependent upon the words of endearment and praise as their wives and sisters.

The girl who has been tenderly trained by a loving mother, who never failed to give her full credit for every duty well performed, suddenly finds herself in another home with totally different surroundings. To this new abode she brings her trained talents, her conscientiousness and her desire for instant and constant appreciation. Did Mary make a lemon meringue in her father's house, every member of the family was called to admire it before it was cut, and not one ever failed to say while eating it that it was the best pie ever put into mortal mouth. But Mary's meringue fares differently in her new home.

It is not enough that her husband absolutely gobbles the first piece and passes his plate for another almost before the last mouthful is swallowed. He doesn't say anything. The fact that he liked the pie well enough to eat half of it makes no favorable impression upon the little wife, who had thought lovingly of all that John would say and do as she squeezed her lemons and whipped her eggs to frothiness. Then how many times she opened and shut that oven door to be sure that the most delicate shade of brown should be attained, and how rosy were her cheeks, how bright her eyes as she set the perfect pie away to cool and danced off to array herself in her prettiest dress and wait for her husband's coming.

Now, John's failure to do more than eat the pie with relish will seem a very small matter to the square-rigged conscience, which regards as morbid this constant reaching out of the feminine soul for something more tangible in the way of appreciation. But Mary's enthusiasm—which quality, by the way, is the one that can least be spared and is generally the first to succumb—is dampened and her feelings wounded. If John is at all observant, he sees that the little wife is more quiet than usual. But he does not suspect that this nice lemon meringue has had anything to do with the tired eyes and subdued manner. With that masculine optimism which is a blessing to the man, whatever it may be to the woman—the writer is thinking now of really good fellows—he says to himself: "Mary has overworked, but she will be all right to-morrow." And this is quite satisfactory.

The question which his wife is hoping and praying that he will ask does not leave his lips, and she, ashamed of her hurt, and yet not strong enough to rally and be her own sweet self, broods over this apparent indifference until time and a more intimate acquaintance with her husband's peculiarities changes the pie into a spear. If these conditions continue, though Mary may afterwards make numberless pies, she will never make another with the same loving pleasure, the same beautiful enthusiasm. True, John may not find fault with her cooking, but he never praises it, and so that subtle something, that most necessary and most vital spiritual spring and impulse which causes an affectionate nature to do its best in anticipation of more love, is killed and buried on the very threshold of life. Such a funeral as this turns a woman into an automaton or a machine, and there are many such machines in the world.

That such an education as Mary's is not the wisest education under the circumstances, we are forced to admit, but we are also obliged to admit that if Mary's husband had been educated to meet enthusiasm with enthusiasm these very qualities which have proved the young wife's undoing would have made an atmosphere of grace and refinement, in which both husband and wife would have grown nearer to each other and nearer to the Great Source of the universe.

It seems to the writer that the proper course for Mary to have taken with that meringue pie would have been after the meal was over to have seated herself on her husband's knee—provided he was willing, and all good fellows are—and, with her arms about his neck, to have asked him why he did not say that her pie was good, and that this opportunity of reassuring him that words of praise were exceedingly dear and absolutely necessary to her happiness, and that partaking heartily of a delicacy made by her hands could never quite satisfy her craving for appreciation. Such a proceeding, so frank a confession, in the start would be sufficient to insure the preservation and proper fostering of loving enthusiasm in the future.

Let us praise our comrades while they are still with us, and not wait to rehearse to the minister who will conduct the funeral exercises the capabilities and unselfish qualities of our loved ones. It is too late then.

The dying words of a woman who had sinned and repented brings the tears to any eyes, and think of them.

"But why did you forsake your husband?" the broken-hearted mother inquired.

"God forgive me," was the tragic answer; "that man praised me, and Tom never did."

ELEANOR KIRK.

DOWN EAST JUSTICE.

It Cost the Witness $10 Not to Answer Fool Questions.

Recently in a country court room in Maine, the trial justice, a big, pompous official with a voice like a trombone, took it upon himself to examine a witness, a little, withered old man, whose face was as red and wrinkled as a smoked herring.

"What is your name?" asked the justice.

"Why, 'squire," said the astonished witness, "you know my name as well as I know yourn."

"Never you mind what I know or what I don't know," was the caution given with magisterial severity. "I ask the question in my official capacity, and you're bound to answer it under oath."

With a contemptuous snort the witness gave his name, and the questioning proceeded.

"Where do you live?"

"Wal, I snum!" ejaculated the man. "Why," he continued, appealing to the laughing listeners, "I've lived in this town all my life an' so's he," pointing to the justice, "an' b'gosh, to hear him go on you'd think—"

"Silence!" thundered the irate magistrate. "Answer my question or I'll fine you for contempt of court."

Alarmed by the threat, the witness named his place of residence, and the examination went on.

"What is your occupation?"

"Huh!"

"What do you do for a living?"

"Oh, get out, 'Squire! Just as if you don't know that I tend gardens in the summer season an' saw wood winters!"

"As a private citizen I do know it, but as the court I know nothing about you," explained the justice.

"Wal, 'squire," remarked the puzzled witness, "if you know somethin' outside the court room an' don't know nothin' in it, you'd better git out and let somebody try this case that's got hoss sense."

The advice may have been well meant, but it cost the witness $10.—[Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Frank B. Tracy, the son of the secretary of the Navy, is an enthusiastic fine stock raiser, and has a farm in Tioga county, N. Y.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

ANOTHER COMRADE

Talks Authoritatively on the Subject of Spring Hill—A Correction.

I SEE that "Carleton," the noted war sketch writer, in THE BLADE, January 9, undertakes to enlighten Comrade Dan Knight as to our army passing Spring Hill, and says that only the 23d Corps and one division (3d of the 4th Corps) made that retreat from Columbia to Nashville. I would respectfully inform the writer that the whole of Stanley's 4th Corps was there. He acknowledges the 3d division to be there, for he says that as soon as Gen. Schofield, who was in command at Columbia, was made aware of the fact that Hood was attempting a flank movement on Spring Hill, he (Schofield) dispatched Stanley with the 3d Div. of the 4th Corps to check it. For the 1st Div. of the 4th Corps I will refer him to J. S. Arnold, Co. G, 51st O. V. I., St. Charles, Iowa, in BLADE, February 20, who says that he belonged to the 2d Brig., 1st Div., 4th Corps; that his division (1st) passed Spring Hill in the evening of November 29 and halted for a short time just north of the town, in plain sight of the enemy, but marched on through to Franklin that night. I will say further, that the entire 23d Corps (except, perhaps, its cavalry) passed Spring Hill during the day and night, November 29, without any fighting. I claim Bradley's 3d Brig., 2d Div., were the only men who did any fighting at Spring Hill. Comrade Carleton would have THE BLADE readers understand that there was a woman in the case at Spring Hill, the reason the 23d corps did not fight. But I think the real reason is that the 3d Brig., 2d Div., 4th Corps stood between them and Hood's army, and they were not obliged to fight. However, I do remember when Opdycke's brigade was going for the town on double quick, to head off the rebel cavalry, that were almost into the town ahead of us. And when we were within half a mile of it we met a woman riding a fine horse. She was gaily dressed, and saluted the general in military style. No doubt she was a rebel spy. Probably she had been sent to surround Gen. Schofield that he had better move his 23d corps on to Franklin and do his fighting there. As to the 2d Div., 4th Corps, I will respectfully refer "Carleton" to Gen. Wagner, who was in command of the 2d Div. at the time; to Gen. E. Opdycke, who was in command of the 1st Brig.; Gen. J. S. Lane, who was in command of the 2d Brig., and Gen. Bradley, (formerly colonel of 51st Ills. Vols.,) who commanded the 3d Brig., 2d Div., 4th Corps, at the battle of Spring Hill, November 29, and who, having had one of his arms shattered by a rebel bullet toward evening, had to retire from the field.

Col. Joseph Conrad, of the 15th Mo. Vols., ranking colonel in the 3d Brig., took command of the brigade, and was in command the following day (November 30, 1864,) at the memorable battle of Franklin, Tenn. Later he was brevetted Brig. Gen. of Vols. for his bravery in that battle. I would further refer my friend "Carleton" to John K. Shellenberger, Humboldt, Iowa, one of the old 3d Brig. boys. He has written the most correct and truthful account of the Nashville campaign that I have ever yet read.

By referring to my old diary of that campaign I find that the troops were crossing Duck river, at Columbia, on November 26 and 27; that the 1st Brig., 2d Div., 4th Corps was the last infantry troops to cross, and that they did not all get over till daylight of the 28th, crossing on the railroad bridge, which was then burning. The pontoon bridge, which Comrade "Carleton" says was taken up by the 3d Div., after they crossed over, spanned the river just to the right of the railroad bridge, closer to town, and was all right up to midnight of the 27th, for I crossed it myself with the 3d Brig., 2d Div., just before midnight.—LYMAN ROOT, Co. B, 125th O. V. I.

DICK SEXTON.

How an Iowa Cavalryman Won a Bride, Who Was an Heiress.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—During the battle of Nashville Dick Sexton, an Iowa trooper, dismounted to examine a soldier who was apparently dead, reclining on his side, with one knee drawn up. As Sexton straightened out the cramped limb the supposed dead man groaned. Sexton then threw water in his face and in a short time he got him roused up so he was partially conscious. "Alice, Alice!" moaned the poor boy, for he was not over 22. His thoughts were of some loved one, even in death. His eye fell on Sexton's pit ying face bending over him. "Can I do anything for you, my friend?" asked Sexton, his voice all sympathy. "No," said the wounded man, as if in great pain; "I am done for; the war is over with me." Then, looking at Sexton, he suddenly said: "Where are you from?" "Iowa," replied Sexton. "I was in the 4th Missouri (Southern) cavalry. I am dying. Will you do me a favor?" "With all my heart," replied Sexton.

"My name," said the young Missourian, "is C——. My home is near Lodonia, Mo. I have friends there—a widowed mother, a darling little sister, sweeter——" Here the poor fellow became exhausted and could say no more. I had remained a silent spectator up to this point. I dismounted, stepped up to Sexton's side, and suggested giving the boy a few drops of brandy, a vial of which I had in my pocket. We managed to get a few drops in the dying boy's mouth. Such a contortion of disgust I never witnessed as passed over that death-stricken face. He never spoke, but putting his hand into a breast pocket he took therefrom a packet of papers, and stretching out his hand, he laid the papers in Sexton's hand. His lips moved for a moment, there was a convulsive gasp, the poor tired head sank to the ground and the struggle was over. Lieut. C——, of the 4th Mo. C. S. C., died as dies true soldiers. All enmity was forgotten in that eventful moment, when he was on the brink of eternity. He handed the papers and made his dying request to one of the very men he had been trying to kill. Such men are true soldiers. They recognize a kindred spirit in that supreme moment when dissolution is taking place. The boy officer's dead face wore a smile of perfect rest. No Missouri knight would be proud of such sons, no matter on which side they fought.

Sexton kneeled and took the dead boy's hand in his, and holding the packet of papers in the other, he raised his eyes to heaven and said: "Before God, in the presence of this dead boy, I promise to carry out his last request, be it what it may, if I live to see the end of this war." Tears filled my eyes while watching Sexton, in spite of my trying to be calm. Sexton was sobbing like a child. Think of it, comrades, here were two of Uncle Sam's troopers sobbing as if their hearts would break over the corpse of a dead enemy!

We mounted our horses and soon caught up with our command. We said nothing of Sexton's promise to the dead lieutenant, nor had we examined the contents of the package. That evening we made a hurried examination of the packet. There were three pictures, one that of a fine, motherly lady, one a bright girlish face, on the same card, and the other was a young lady's. On the back of this card was written, in a neat, feminine hand: "Alice to Frank." There were several letters and a paper written, apparently, by the lieutenant, foreseeing disaster to himself. In the package, also, were three United States bonds for $1,000 each. The instructions in the paper read how to address the friends of the lieutenant, or, in the event of Sexton's going to see them, a message of love to Alice H. Sexton was reticent on the subject of his promise. I do not think he more than notified the stricken mother of the circumstances of her son's death, until we left the army, in August, 1865. Sexton came to me at Clinton, Iowa, just before he took the train for home, and said: "Now I am going to settle up Lieut. C——'s affairs when I get everything fixed. Where can I address you?" I gave him my home address, saw him aboard his train, bid him good-by, and for two years heard nothing from Sexton. Along in the summer of 1867 I received a paper printed in Sedalia, Mo. Running my eyes over the notices, I found this:

Near this city, on July 4, was consummated one of those marriages that was a direct outgrowth of the war. The contracting parties were Mr. Richard Sexton, late member of the —— Iowa Cav., and Miss H——, a highly accomplished young lady who moves in the first society. Mr. Sexton was a Union soldier, and his meeting was brought about by his being the bearer of Lieut. C——'s dying message to his mother, with all his effects, among which was a photograph of Miss H——. Young Sexton gallantly begged the privilege of retaining the young lady's photo. His request was granted, they were introduced soon after his return from the army, and now, Yankee-like, he has won another brilliant victory.

Miss H— was a cousin of Lieut C—'s, and quite an heiress. Comrade Fred Legg, next!—DAN KNIGHT.

A "LITTLE BEAUTY,"

And She "Chawed" Tobac. Love Turned to Loathing.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—While I was a member of the 129th O. V., our regiment was stationed at Cumberland Gap for a few months. It was customary for the citizens to come into camp to see the Yankees. Among the number that came in one day was a man with his wife and daughter. The daughter was about 19 years old, well dressed, and to my mind a "little beauty." I was only a boy, and tolerably bashful; still, I would sometimes muster up enough courage to talk to the girls. I got the start of the rest of the boys in this instance, and I felt larger than Gen. Grant while I was escorting the beauty around the camp. I thought that I had never met a more interesting young lady in my life, and I was getting deeply in love with her. But soon my love was turned to loathing. While we were walking through the camp the young lady turned to me and said: "Mister, will you be kind enough to give me a claw of flat tobacca? I have been chawin' leaf tobacca for six months and would like to have a good chaw, to see how it tastes." I told her that I did not chew, but if she was in earnest I would get her some. She said that she was, and I turned to a comrade who used tobacco and asked him for some. He handed me a plug and I gave it to the girl, together with my knife. She cut off a large piece and put it in her mouth, and as she returned the plug she smacked her lips and said: "Ah! that tasts something like tobacca." I cut the plug in two and gave her half. That made me "solid" with her, and she appeared to think that I was the best fellow in America. But her act of taking that chew of tobacco killed all of my growing love for the maiden, for it was the first time that I had ever seen a young lady chew tobacco, and the act seemed very disgusting to me.—J. B. BROOKINS, Co. A, 129th O. V. I.

SPEAKS RIGHT OUT

In Meeting—More Truth Than Poetry in His Statements.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I have read, with much interest, the letters in the Camp Fire, and they bring to mind incidents comical and serious. Truly I feel thankful that those terrible years have passed. But is it not time that we should bury deep our animosity, and live in a higher, purer sphere of American citizenship? Of course, army scenes can not be forgotten by us while we live, but—

Let's clasp our hands firmly o'er this chasm of tears,
And pledge to Our Banner for all coming years.

I have heard soldiers say they never felt fear during their service. Well, I have; and I think any who did not, were either drunk, idiots, or else never were in a place of real danger. I have also heard men tell how many volunteered and lied, and I concluded that such men were of the right sort to kill children, or club to death the wounded on the field, so they could "go through" their clothes. Some soldiers say they hate the rebs. I don't; I admire them for their pluck, nerve and endurance. If we except their leaders, I think no American need blush at their bravery, energy or valor. As an army, we can afford to be proud of them for their patience and zeal in what they knew to be a "lost cause." Think of it! The greatest army the world ever produced spent four years of pretty "powerful pert" fighting before they conquered the rebs. And when we slur their name as soldiers and fighters, we only throw mud in our own faces. Let us "pull together—federal and rebel—spin our yarns, and while our flag floats proudly over every state, insuring protection to every home, let us prove ourselves worthy of that dearest of all titles—true Americans! Our land is dotted with the graves of both the Blue and the Gray. Their bodies lie peacefully together beneath the same sod—their blood mingled together on the same hard-contested fields. Both thought they were battling for the right—they died for their principles—they were Americans. While we keep a bright blaze in the Camp Fire, let us remember it is not disgraceful to be conquered, but it is disgraceful to be a boasting, blatant conqueror!—A PRIVATE, Co. G, 86th O. V. I.

HOW THEY FOOLED 'EM.

The Southern Gentlemen Lost Some of Their Dignity—Result of a Prank.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—While we were guarding the out-post of Memphis, Tenn., in the fall of '62, all Southerners who would take the "oath of allegiance" were guaranteed protection of property. But in spite of everything that our officers could do, there were some depredations committed by the "boys in blue" almost every night. It had become a common thing to see some Southern man come into camp with complaints to our colonel. On the occasion of our narrative two well-dressed gentlemen were seen driving into our camp inquiring for the colonel, but on being informed that the colonel was absent from camp, they immediately turned to go away. Passing through our quarters they were kindly hailed by some of the boys and a pleasant conversation engaged in for a few minutes. Meanwhile the crowd increased until the vehicle was completely surrounded by anxious spectators who all seemed to be very desirous of obtaining a peep at the newcomers, and hearing what they had to say. I was standing a few rods away wondering what all the mane

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

Who is the Blade's Oldest Subscriber?

T. T. Meador, Alton Hill Tenn., writes that he commenced taking THE BLADE in 1865, and has been nearly a regular subscriber ever since.

J. B. F., Milan, Kan., writes: "Many are telling how long they have read THE BLADE; so will I. D. R. Locke was editor of the Bellefontaine *Republican* in the latter part of the '30's, and for one year I wrote letters signed "Nasby," on Muchinippi creek, Stokes township, Logan county, O., and used real names, Old Sam Hall, Geo. McBride, Chalky Marsh, etc. —all old fossil Democrats and not better posted than the law would allow. I lived there at the time, and was well acquainted with all the men whose names he used; and the hits were so good that I read the letters with interest, and when he became interested in THE BLADE, I followed him for the sake of his Nasby Letters, which I read as long as he lived to write them."

Mr. John Newcombe writes that he has taken THE BLADE since Dec. 12, 1850.

The Ballot-Box Forgery.

L. A. T., Boggs, W. Va.: 1.—We do not know 2.—Jesse D. Bright, Senator from Indiana, was expelled during the war for treasonable utterances. 3.—The Ohio ballot-box forgery was simply this: Governor Campbell, when in Congress, had introduced a bill to compel a patented ballot box to be used at all elections for Presidential electors and Congressmen, at a cost to the government of $25 a box. The bill did not pass. The bill was believed to be a job, and that there was a ring behind it who would divide up the million dollars or so of profit. A man named Wood, who was interested in the box, went to Governor Foraker, and showed him what purported to be a contract to take shares in the company, signed by Campbell Butterworth, sherman, and others. This contract was published, all the other names but Campbell's being omitted. It was shown afterwards to be a forgery.

How Our Northern Boundary is Marked.

J. W. C., Conners, Ind.: The boundary line between the United States and Canada is distinctly marked from Lake Michigan to Alaska by cairns, iron pillars, earth mounds and timber clearings. There are 385 of these marks between the Lake of the Woods and the base of the Rocky mountains. The British place one post every two miles and the United States one between every two British posts. The posts are of cast iron, and cast on their faces are the words "Convention of London, October 20, 1818." Where the line crosses lakes, mountains of stones have been built projecting eight feet above high-water mark. In forests the line is defined by felling trees for a space a rod wide.

The "M" in French Names.

"Rustic," Talmage, Neb., writes:—"A recent issue of THE BLADE contained a list of the members of the new French cabinet, and the surname of each member is preceded by the letter M. Is this letter the initial of their given names. If not, what does it denote?"

The "M" is the abbreviation of "Monsieur," and is equivalent to the English "Mr." for "Mister." French married ladies are distinguished by "Mme." an abbreviation of "Madame," equivalent to the English "Mrs.," and unmarried ladies by "Mlle.," an abbreviation of "Mademoiselle," equivalent to the English "Miss."

The "Granite City."

J. L. W. writes: "In a late issue of THE BLADE some one, in the Question Bureau, asks if there is a city known by the sobriquet of "Granite City." I answer emphatically, there is. The city of Aberdeen, the third city of Scotland is known all over the United Kingdom by that name. It is built of the beautiful gray granite found in inexhaustible abundance in the neighborhood. The streets are paved with it, and there are located the most magnificent stone works in the world, where ornaments, monuments and columns of great beauty are turned out and shipped to all parts of the world."

Who Shot Gen. Ben. McCullough?

J. G., Willis, Kan., writes, in answer to the above: "I do not know who shot him, but I have read the statement from as many as three different writers that he was killed by a man in the 36th Illinois regiment. I was of the 14th can. The regiment was lying in a field behind the fence, adjoining the woods, in which the enemy were sheltered. When the regiment fell back, Pelican remained. An officer rode forward to reconnoiter, Pelican shot him, jumped over the fence, secured his watch, and rejoined his regiment. If I am not mistaken, it was by some inscription on the watch that they knew who it was that had been killed."

National Wealth.

A. B., Shickshinny, Pa.: 1.—It is estimated that the wealth of the United States is now $71,450,000,000, equal to nearly $1,000 per head. This is an increase in ten years of $18,000,000,000, or 32 per cent. England's wealth in 1885 is given as $50,000,000,000, giving an average wealth per head of $1,545. The average in Scotland is $1,215 per head and in Ireland $665. The total wealth of France is estimated at $36,000,000,000. England exacts in taxes $20 per head of population, while each individual in the United States pays but $12.50. 2.—There are no official statistics as to the number of deaths yearly resulting from the drink habit.

The Wheel Problem Again.

Wheelwright, Grangeville, Idaho, writes: "If the bureau wishes to put the wheel problem in its simplest form, say that the point of the wheel of a wagon in contact with the ground is *the center of motion*. It does not move. Any blind man should see that the rest of the wheel does all the running, and the top the most rapid."

Our Population.

F. H. L., McGregor, Iowa: The population of the whole United States by the last two censuses was as follows:

1870	38,558,371
1880	50,155,783

It is estimated that the population, by the census to be taken in June next, will be about 65,000,000.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

B. Q., Eureka, Ill.: Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage was born in New Jersey in 1832; he is a Presbyterian; he is pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, which will be, when completed, the largest church building in America.

Miscellaneous.

E. A., Western Reserve: The editor of the paper you mention is a mugwump.

F. L. H., Scott, O.: The population of Toledo, by the census of 1880, was 50,137.

J. T., Haga, O.: "The American Star" was printed in "Old War Songs" last year.

R. G., ——, Pa.: 1.—The requirements of settlers in the Indian territory, when opened,

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

SPRING

SPRING HUMORS, whether itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply or blotchy, whether of the skin, scalp, or blood, with loss of hair, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, from infancy to age, are NOW speedily, permanently, and economically cured by that greatest of all known humor cures, the

Cuticura Resolvent

A skin and blood purifier of incomparable purity and curative power. An acknowledged specific of world-wide celebrity. Entirely vegetable, safe, innocent, and palatable. Effects daily more great cures of skin, scalp, and blood humors than all other skin and blood remedies before the public. Sale greater than the combined sales of all other blood and skin remedies.

Sold everywhere. Price, $1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Spring Humors."

HUMORS

will probably be the same as for homestead entries elsewhere. If you intend to go there, you should go at once, and wait on the border till the lands are opened. 2.—A great many were disappointed in getting lands when Oklahoma was opened.

J. M., McLemoresville, Tenn.: We can not undertake to discuss the abstract question you send us.

H. C. C., Duncan's Falls, O.: We have not a copy of Sitting Bull's account of the Custer massacre.

A. B. C., South Bend, Ind.: Does the State of Ohio or any of the counties pay ex-soldiers a pension? No.

W. K. C. C., Monroe, Ky.: There never was a "President for a day." See Bureau of Feb. 13 for full explanation.

——, St. Elmo, Miss.: Shakespeare's works were, in all probability, written by William Shakespeare himself.

W. K., Coal Harbor, N. D.: The full name of the rapids is "Sault Sainte Marie," pronounced nearly "Soo Sent Marie," and commonly called "the Soo."

J. H. P., Milbank, S. D.: On your way to Europe, you can find, in Chicago or New York, dealers in Indian relics, mineral specimens, etc. Read Rule 2.

Student, Epworth, Iowa: It would require too much space to discuss the questions on Ireland that you send. Better read some work on Irish history.

T. B. D., Pekin, Ill., asks: "From what has the custom of covering, or turning, of mirrors in the houses wherein funerals occur derived?" We have never heard any reason assigned for this old superstition. Can some reader inform us?

J. B., Washburn, Iowa: 1.—The United States pays interest on its bonds, of course, no matter who owns them. 2.—The duty on nides was removed in 1872, by a Republican Congress. 3.—Any lawyer who has the Revised Statutes of the United States will show you the sections referring to national banks.

Old Reader, Glasco, Kan.: 1.—A post trader in the army is furnished with a room free, we think. He is under stringent regulations, however. He does not pay for the privilege. 2.—The restaurants for the House and Senate in the capitol at Washington are for the convenience of members, and no rent is paid. There is a joint rule of Congress that no liquors shall be sold in the capitol.

T. G., Huron, Ind., asks: "Was Sir John Moore buried at night, as the poem describes? I have read that he was buried at 9 o'clock in the morning." We do not know. He was killed by a cannon-shot while defending Corunna against the French, and was interred in the citadel; but how much of the poem is true we cannot tell. If any reader can inform us, we shall publish.

C. H., Wauseon, O., asks: "1.—How many acres did the Temple cover when David was King? There was no Temple then. The first one built was that erected by Solomon after David's death. It occupied, with all its courts and approaches, a square of about 600 feet; but the sanctuary itself was comparatively small, the people assembling in the courts, which were great open spaces, surrounded by pillars. 2.—There is no such book published.

W., Parsons, Kan.: 1.—National banks pay a tax of 1-12 of 1 per cent per month on their average monthly circulation; also, on average gold circulation above 90 per cent of their capital, 1-6 of 1 per cent per month. 2.—A national bank is not obliged to issue notes. You should remember that the issue of notes is but a small part, really, of the business of banks. 3.—The tax on circulation of national banks for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1889, was $6,179. Of course they pay state and county taxes, etc.

A Pleasing Sense

Of health and strength renewed and of ease and comfort follows the use of Syrup of Figs, as it acts in harmony with nature to effectually cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Emperor William has sent his portrait to Bismark.

The Duke of Edinburgh is said to be looking worn and old.

James Whitcomb Riley's recent poems show that he is still in full possession of his genius.

Mr. Depew will not be able to attend the anniversary celebration of the battle of Lexington.

M. Octave Feuillet is preparing a complete edition of his comedies, with a preface on the contemporary stage.

M. Meissonier, the famous artist, has been rather indolent since his recent marriage and claims that his life-work is done.

Lord and Lady Rosebery now live in London in the Berkley Square House, made famous for many years by Lady Jersey's brilliant parties.

Prince Hatzfeldt's debts are still troubling the Huntington family. Papa Huntington expresses a willingness to pay 50 per cent if the old Hatzfeldt will pay the rest. The offer is indignantly spurned.

The ex-Emperor of Brazil recently entered a restaurant at Cannes and nodded familiarly to one of the waiters. It turned out that the waiter had been one of Dom Pedro's attendants in Rio de Janeiro.

King Lobengula, of Matabele Land is pictured by a recent visitor as a giant weighing more than 280 pounds. "Never," writes the visitor, "have I seen such a brutal, sensual and cruel expression as he has.

The ex-queen of Naples has stables in the Champs Elysees and at Chantilly, and runs horses under an assumed name. The king, her spouse, is of a gentle disposition, and goes in for "dolce far niente." They don't exactly "board around," but live in an ordinary hotel.

The Sultan of Turkey recently submitted the manuscript of a comedy to a Parisian manager under a *nom de plume*. The play was carefully examined and displayed certain marks of crude ability, but its *motif* was too Oriental for even the Parisian stage.

The Duke of Newcastle is about to sell Worksop Manor, Nottinghamshire, England, which his great-grandfather purchased about 50 years ago from the Duke of Norfolk. The estate is splendidly timbered and contains about 6,000 acres. The property will be offered for sale in lots.

A Sore Throat or Cough, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give instant relief.

Seeing the Wind.

A novel experiment can be made with a polished metal surface of about two feet or more in length, such as a large handsaw. To try the experiment take a windy day, no matter whether it be hot or cold, cloudy or clear. In fact, the results are fully as good if the sun is obscured, but it must not be rainy or murky weather. Hold the saw or other metallic surface at right angles to the direction of wind, that is, if the wind is north, hold your surface east and west, but instead of holding it vertical, incline it about 42 degrees to the horizon, so that the wind striking it glances and flows over the edge, as the water flows over a dam. Now sight carefully along the edge some minutes at a sharply-defined object and you will see the wind pouring over the edge of the saw in graceful curves.—[New York Press.

Physical Culture.

Terre Haute Express.

Watts—Potts, you ought to join our physical-culture club. I tell you, old man, that the business man of our day do not take half the exercise they should.

Potts—I don't see how I can find the time.

Watts—It won't take up much of your time. I never go around to the rooms myself unless there is a prize fight.

SUMMER IS COMING,

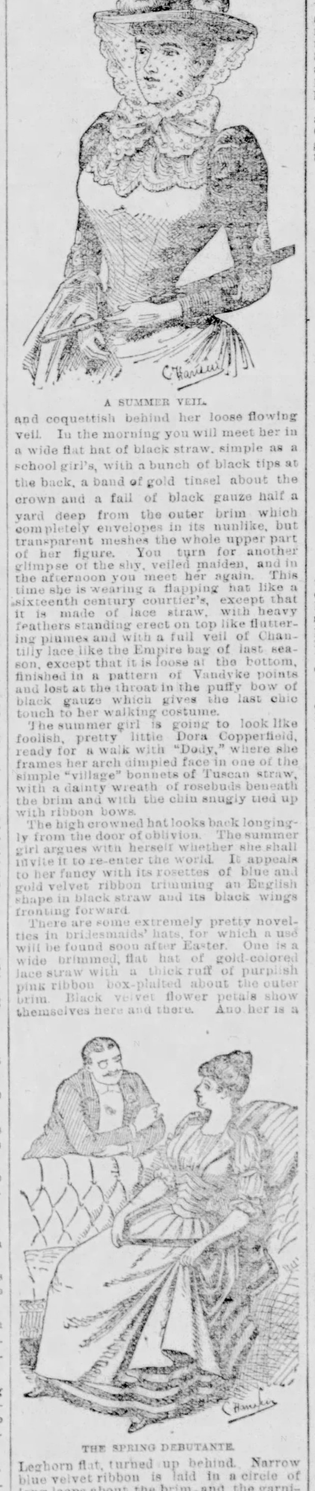
BUT THE SPRING DRESS IS HERE.

And Now the Summer Girl Makes Ready to Put On Her Dora Copperfield Bonnet and Flowing Veil.

[Written for the Blade by Ellen Osborn. Copyrighted, 1890.]

THE summer girl is going to look like a maid of ancient Athens when in a gown of sheer white wool, girdled at the waist and clasped on the shoulder, she twists her hair in a loose, classic knot thrust through with an antique gold hair-pin and adjusts aesthetically in place a little toque a la Greeque made of three fillets of gold ribbon, jeweled and embroidered, with a puff of white tulle to fill the crown and in front a butterfly such as Cupid might have chased, with wings of gold and gauze, fluttering down from the bands to her bright hair.

The summer girl will look very demure



A SUMMER VEIL.

and coquettish behind her loose flowing veil. In the morning you will meet her in a wide flat hat of black straw, simple as a school girl's, with a bunch of black tips at the back, a band of gold tinsel about the crown and a fall of black gauze half a yard deep from the outer brim which completely envelopes in its nunlike, but transparent meshes the whole upper part of her figure. You turn for another glimpse of the shy, veiled maiden, and in the afternoon you meet her again. This time she is wearing a flapping hat like a sixteenth century courtier's, except that it is made of lace straw, with heavy feathers standing erect on top like flattering plumes and with a full veil of Chantilly lace like the Empire bag of last season, except that it is loose at the bottom, finished in a pattern of Vandyke points and lost at the throat in the puffy bow of black gauze which gives the last chic touch to her walking costume.

The summer girl is going to look like foolish, pretty little Dora Copperfield, ready for a walk with "Daisy," where she frames her arch, dimpled face in one of the simple "village" bonnets of Tuscan straw, with a dainty wreath of rosebuds beneath the brim and with the chin snugly tied up with ribbon bows.

The high crowned hat looks back longingly from the door of oblivion. The summer girl argues with herself whether she shall invite it to re-enter the world. It appeals to her fancy with its rosettes of blue and gold velvet ribbon trimming an English shape in black straw and its black wings fronting forward.

There are some extremely pretty novelties in bridesmaids' hats, for which a use will be found soon after Easter. One is a wide brimmed, flat hat of gold-colored lace straw with a thick ruff of purplish pink ribbon box-plaited about the outer brim. Black velvet flower petals show themselves here and there. And her is a

THE SPRING DEBUTANTE.

Leghorn flat, turned up behind. Narrow blue velvet ribbon is laid in a circle of long loops about the brim, and the garnitures are blue bachelors' buttons.

The tulle and gauze hats grow more airily fantastic with each passing hour. They are not closely shirred as in past seasons, but are fairy-like gossamer puffs, which only the weight of the flower wreaths trimming them keeps from sailing away. One of the prettiest seen this spring was worn by a demure young woman at the last meeting of the Collegiate alumnæ. Its frame was loosely woven of thorny rose stems without foliage, and tangled with gold-colored gauze, which hung to the waist line in streamers caught together by one immense pink rose.

The summer girl seems to have a fancy for things Roman. Little crownless toques, with soft twists of silk in Roman stripes about the brims, are shown by all the fashionable milliners. A young girl who saw Patti on her opening night wore as successful a one as has appeared. It looped like a scarf of red and gold wound about the head, with a metallic blue buttefly fastening it in front and another behind.

For early spring the most characteristic bonnets are those which are nothing more than wide fillets of coarse straw not joined behind or simply tied across with narrow ribbons. A very pretty one is of dark blue straw edged with blue and black velvet and with a small black bird on either side. Gray and white makes an equally effective combination.

There were a good many dressy bonnets out one afternoon this week at a Delsarte matinee. One was a poke with projecting brim of Chantilly lace, unlined, transparent and wired near the edge to keep it perfectly smooth. The crown was open, but was defined by a wreath of yellow roses and a half circle of aigrettes of the new and pinny kind. Tying under the hair was a flaring knot of black velvet ribbon.

Looking over the audience one sees daily an increasing amount of blue. In front of you is a capote of white lace straw lined with blue gauze and with a frill of navy blue ribbon about the face. Its trimmings are forget-me-not flowers mixed with heliotrope and fine-leaved ivy. To one side is a toque of dark blue straw with trimmings of blue popples and knots of green ribbon. In a box appears a capote of gold crepe trimmed with deep blue velvet flower petals.

Not all the spring bonnets are such airy fairy concoctions as they look. The gold tinsel which makes a glittering, lace-like coronet is weighty enough to give a woman a blinding headache in fifteen minutes if it were not so fashionable. Not in three years has there been such a furore for jet and the flashing black butterflies and beetles and fillets are quite the reverse of imponderable. One bonnet which a milliner weighed for me yesterday tipped the scales at three pounds, another at five. The record three years ago was eight pounds. We shall break that before many months at the present rate of progress.

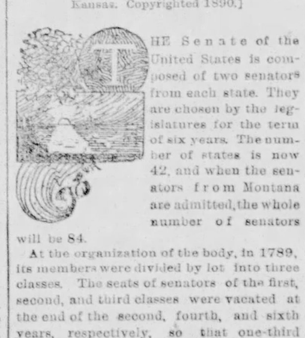
When the sun comes out Broadway is beautiful with women. They surge in and out of the dry goods stores, and block the sidewalks in front of the photographers' and confectioners' windows. The parade is tortuous, multicolored. It hurries, it lounges, it stares, it chats with smiles and volubility. In respect it is as different as possible from a Boston throng. Boston women are silent on the streets and in the horse cars. New York crowds stream like rainbow colored banners. The women bear the impress of every strain of character and variety of form, and the spring costumes blossom with laces and fleur de l'as.

Here is a tall blonde girl who is buying tulips of a little old woman who crouches in a doorway. She wears a tailor gown of rust colored Piccadilla tweed with double-breasted jacket and black straw hat, turned up on both sides and trimmed with a wreath of rust-colored flowers. Her face is a statuesque, magnificently expressionless, and the old woman's eager "bless ye" reveales a careless generosity in the matter of small change.

Just ahead trips a slender girl in a costume of showy, bluish gray to match her eyes, which look straight forward to vacancy as wistfully as if she trod on air towards fairyland instead of on the pavement to her manicure's. The blue gray gown has a plain skirt circled by eight graduated rows of dark blue velvet ribbons. It has a long bodice which comes well down over the hips and fastens behind. A deep triangular piece of embroidery is set in at the neck and is edged with a full ruffle of the gray blue material. She is an Elaine-like girl with straw-colored hair.

With solid tread and in breezy haste comes a young woman got up in English style. Her cheeks are red, she carries her chest high and her boots have low heels. Her princess gown is made of a black and white plaided fabric with the left side open to show a black panel. There are black draperies across the front and the pointed jacket is black with a plastron of white wool. She wears a large black straw hat trimmed with black and white ribbons and she carries, yes the sun is getting nigh, a black and white plaid parasol. She is taking a three hours' constitutional and she's eating caramels, with a certain polite discretion, to keep herself company.

The prettiest gowns on the promenade are of silver gray cloth, with trimmings of Cairo gold embroideries. The hats which go with them are of gray straw with gold tinsel garniture. Very dainty are the



EASTER WALKING COSTUMES.

toilets in preparation for the debutantes of the post Easter season. These buds have the advantage of freshness over their sisters who bloomed last fall. An Aurora pink petticoat of striped faille is the foundation of a dress for a brunette of whom great things are expected. The overdress is of white Canton crepe made quite full. The waist opens over a chemisette of silk muslin, the throat is uncovered, the puffed sleeves come to the elbows, and the pointed girdle is trimmed with white velvet ribbons.

Quite the prettiest thing in fans is the toy whose sticks are gold or ivory tipped with rose or daisy petals. The newest and most unique passementeries are all of beads shading from mauve into lilac, violet and heliotrope, and fading into opal and shimmering pearl. The newest girdles are called Constantinople sashes, and have silk strands hanging from them to the foot of the shirt in front and graduating toward the hips till they measure but a few inches on each side. The fashionable woman looks quite like a savage belle with her pendants and chatelaines, her beaded and jeweled chains and her tags and fringes which jangle and rattle from neck to skirt hem.

THE UPPER HOUSE,

OR THE UNITED STATES SENATE,

As Described by a Prominent Member of the Body—Its Functions, Duties, Etc., Etc., Clearly and Interestingly Defined.

[Written for The Blade by Senator Ingalls, of Kansas. Copyrighted 1890.]

THE Senate of the United States is composed of two senators from each state. They are chosen by the legislatures for the term of six years. The number of states is now 42, and when the senators from Montana are admitted, the whole number of senators will be 84.

At the organization of the body, in 1789, its members were divided by lot into three classes. The seats of senators of the first, second, and third classes were vacated at the end of the second, fourth, and sixth years, respectively, so that one-third might be chosen every second year. This classification has been preserved, and thus, of the present membership, the seats of 28 senators will be vacated in 1891, 28 in 1893, and 28 in 1895, the terms ending at noon on March 4. If vacancies occur during the recess of the legislature of a state by death, resignation or expulsion, then the governor appoints for the interval.

Congress Has Power to Make or Alter

the regulations for choosing senators, but can not change the place prescribed by the state. For many years there was great irregularity in the choice of senators by the legislatures, and the intrigues of party leaders sometimes prevented an election altogether. The evils became so flagrant that Congress passed an act July 25, 1866, to regulate senatorial elections.

SENATOR INGALLS.

Each house is required to vote *viva voce* on the second Tuesday after the organization of the legislature. On the next day the two Houses are to meet jointly. Should it then appear that the same person has received a majority in each house, this fact is stated, and he is elected. Otherwise the joint meeting must take at least one more vote each day while the legislature remains in session, until some person receives a majority of all the votes, a quorum of each house being present. Should a vacancy occur while the legislature is in session the same course of procedure begins on the second Tuesday after notice of the vacancy is received.

No person can be a Senator who has not reached the age of 30 years, and been nine years a citizen of the United States. He must also be, when elected, an inhabitant of the state for which he has been chosen.

The Senate Chamber

Is in the center of the north wing of the Capitol. It is an imposing room, surrounded by lobbies, approaches, and corridors. It has no exterior openings, and is lighted through stained and ornamented glass panels in the ceiling. It is constructed wholly of metal and masonry, severe and simple in its colors and decorations. It is 113 feet 3 inches long, 80 feet 3 inches wide, and 36 feet high. Its galleries have accommodations for about 1,000 spectators. Vestibules are secured by a system of revolving fans, driven by engines in the basement.

The Senate Meets

on the first Monday in December, annually. Its daily sessions begin at 12 o'clock, and are opened with a brief prayer by the chaplain. The President takes the chair, and the journal of the proceedings of the previous day is read by the secretary, amended if necessary, and approved. Messages from the President, communications from the heads of departments, bills from the House of Representatives, and other formal matters are then laid before the Senate, and disposed of by reference to committees or otherwise. This is succeeded by the presentation of petitions and memorials, the reports of committees, the introduction of bills and joint, concurrent, and other resolutions, which is technically called "morning business," and "morning hour" continues until 2 o'clock. Should any time remain after the conclusion of morning business, bills on the calendar are considered, subject to objection, with debate not exceeding five minutes by any senator desiring to participate in the discussion. At 2 o'clock the Senate resumes the consideration of the unfinished business of the previous day, if any, or proceeds to the calendar of general orders, with the right to unfinished discussion, which continues till the adjournment which usually occurs from 5 to 6 o'clock.

The Business of the Senate

is conducted chiefly by 42 standing and 11 select committees, to which all bills, after two readings, are referred. The most important of these are the committees on the Judiciary, Appropriations, Privileges and Elections, Foreign Relations, and Finance. When reported favorably, bills are placed on the calendar for future consideration; if unfavorably, they are indefinitely postponed. Some of the committees are superfluous, and are retained to give the chairman the use of a room and a salary for a clerk and a messenger. The committees are appointed by the Senate, and not by the presiding officer, as in the House of Representatives.

The Vice President is ex officio president of the Senate. In creating the office of Vice President the framers of the constitution evidently had originally in view the emergency that might arise by the death, removal, resignation or inability of the President. They supposed the probable duration of two lives would cover the contingencies of a Presidential term, and empowered Congress to provide, if it saw fit, for a possible vacancy in the office of President and Vice President at the same time.

The Constitution Made no Provision

for paying him a salary. It made no specific arrangement for his election, declaring only that the persons having the highest number of votes in the electoral college, after the choice of a President, should be Vice President. It affixed to the office no qualifications of age or citizenship, except by an inference so remote that in 1804, by the twelfth amendment, it was ordained that "no person constitutionally ineligible to the office of President shall be eligible to that of Vice President of the United States."

Neither the constitution nor its amendments, nor the statute of 1792, provide for filling a

Vacancy in the Office of Vice-President.

There is no lineal succession. Once vacant it remains so until the next electoral college chooses a successor. The Vice-President was thus placed in a position anomalous and undignified, without definite functions, having no duties at the seat of government, where his presence might seem irksome or offensive, like a poor heir apparent awaiting for the death of his ancestor to come into the estate. A weak, vain man might like the title and the empty honor. A bad man might aspire to the place, for the opportunities it would afford him to conspire against the life of the President, whose power he might inherit by this criminal ambition. But few men who were really qualified to meet the intentions of those who created the office would, under such conditions, be willing to accept it. The only importance of the incumbent must rest upon the death or degradation of his chief. He is a mere spectator of their acts in the ruin of the President. Potentially important, actually he must be nothing, except in the occurrence of events that would awaken National sorrow or threaten National disaster.

To partially remove these objections, to secure the services of competent men, and retain them at the Capitol, where their constant presence would require a quasi-presence, it became necessary to assign the vice president to duty in some branch of the general government, and accordingly the constitution made him president of the Senate.

He might as well have been made the speaker of the House of Representatives, or governor of the District of Columbia, or secretary of the Interior, or commissioner of Indian Affairs, had those offices existed. The Senate,

Being a Legislative Body,

would have been competent to choose its own presiding officer from among its own members, and there are no reasons other than those indicated why the vice president should have been made the president of the Senate.

This view is further sustained by the fact that he is expressly deprived of the right to vote, except in the case of a tie; that he has no voice whatever in the organization; that he cannot appoint the committees of the body, nor participate in its debates or deliberations. He is with it, but not of it. He is a separate officer of the government, placed in this position for a defined purpose. His designation is arbitrary, and not necessary. If he never assumes his functions, nothing suffers by his neglect. He may never appear in his seat, never take the oath of office, or even be in the country, and no public interest suffers, and no public business is delayed.

In the Absence of the Vice President,

the Senate chooses a President *pro tempore*, who holds the office until another is chosen. The President *pro tempore* was formerly in the line of Presidential succession, but is removed, together with the Speaker, from that category by the law of 1887, so that in case of the death of the President the descent is now through the Vice President and the members of the Cabinet, the object being to prevent any change of political administration in the term for which the executive was chosen. If the Vice President dies, or fills the office of President, the President *pro tempore* receives an addition to his salary, equal to the difference between his compensation as a Senator and that of the Vice President, which is $8,000. The Senator who is chosen President *pro tempore* retains his right to vote and debate on all questions, and has no casting vote in case of a tie. He can name in open Senate, or in writing, a Senator to perform the duties of the chair, but for no longer period than one day's session, except by unanimous consent.

The President of the Senate is the custodian of the electoral votes for President and Vice-President of the United States, and opens the certificates to be counted in the presence of both houses in the February preceding the inauguration of the term.

The Senate Has Exclusive Power

To try impeachments, which are proceedings to remove the President, the Vice-President and all civil officers of the United States if proven guilty of treason, bribery or other high crimes and misdemeanors. When the President is tried the chief justice of the Supreme court presides over the Senate, as the Vice-President could not be disinterested, although he might be impartial.

Executive sessions of the Senate are held for the consideration of business connected with the Executive department of the government, consisting principally of nominations for office and treaties with foreign powers. These sessions are usually held with closed doors, the galleries being cleared of visitors and all persons excluded except senators and such clerks and other officials as are requisite, these being previously sworn to secrecy.

There is no other parliamentary body that

Habitually Holds Secret Sessions,

the reason being that the Senate is the only legislative assembly that possesses executive functions, and shares with the President, or head of the nation, in the exercise of executive powers. These sessions are a continuation of the deliberations begun by the President and his cabinet, or by the diplomatic representatives of our own and other governments, which are confidential in their nature, and for prudential reasons are not made public until the transactions are concluded. When nominations are confirmed or rejected and treaties ratified the result is announced through the press, or by proclamation of the President, but the votes, speeches, and other proceedings in the cabinet and in the Senate are not disclosed. After a sufficient interval has elapsed the journals of the executive sessions are printed, the publication at this time coming down to the year 1868.

The alleged wits of the newspapers, when times are dull, and other sources of recreation fail, are accustomed to disparage the Senate by describing it as a "club of millionaires" and the

"American House of Lords,"

intimating thereby that wealth is a condition precedent to admission, and that it is a superfluous and unnecessary part of our political system. Upon occasions of public excitement and discontent no appeal is more effective from the stump, or in the resolutions of Jacobins and anarchists, than the demands for its abolition.

These denunciations proceed from a misapprehension of its relations to our government, which has been defined as "an indissoluable union of indestructable states." The Senate represents the states in their corporate capacity, as distinguished from the nation, the great body of the people, whose powers are expressed in the House of Representatives. It is a permanent and enduring factor in our complex system, so far as anything can be permanent amid the fluctations and vicissitudes of democracy. It might be eliminated by

An Amendment to the Constitution,

but that instrument, which, permits changes in other respects by the concurrence of three-fourths of the states, also provides that no state without its consent shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate. It is thus an indispensable element in the adjustment of power between the greater and lesser states. Rhode Island, Delaware and Nevada practically disappear in the vortex of the House of Representatives, but in the Senate they are not inferior to Pennsylvania, Illinois and New York.

It is placed beyond the reach of popular rancor, and is builded, like the President, the Supreme court and the House of Representatives, upon the solid rock and foundation of the constitution.

The Senate is in no sense analogous to the English House of Lords, whose members are hereditary peers, created by the crown, and representing nothing but precedent and prerogative.

It is undoubtedly true that, from the enormous expansion of its powers, due to the small number of states and the prodigious aggregate of population, senatorial dignity has become the chief objects of desire to men of force and ambition. The states themselves recognize

The Importance of Able Membership

in that body, where all the states have an equal representation, so that their influence depends upon character and ability rather than upon numbers. Thus the tenure of office becomes more secure, and terms inevitably grow longer and longer for those who render faithful and efficient service.

Naturally enough some men of fortune, some who have achieved great success in practical affairs elsewhere, and are without special training or aptitude as legislators or publicists are sent to the Senate from states requiring the service that such redresentatives can most efficiently render, but the imputation that wealth has special influence here is unproved. The number of millionaires in the Senate has always been relatively small. The great majority of senators are men of moderate estates and many of them are dependent wholly upon their salary for support.

A Century Ago Seats in the Senate

Were regarded with indifference; but there are few men in any state in the Union of whatever station, profession, occupation or estate who would not now consider an election to the body a coveted distinction and honor. Its dignity will be constantly augmented with the development of National resources and power. Its influence will grow proportionately increase with our population, and there is no method by which its powers can be diminished or curtailed.

From the original design and purpose of the constitution itself, from the conditions of membership, from environment, and from other causes hitherto indicated, the Senate is distinctively conservative in its functions; its laws are those of courtesy and deference. Its course is guided by the north star rather than by the weathercock. Passionate and emotional critics hurl vivid epithets at its gravity and cynics sneer at its gloomy dullness, but it keeps to the ancient ways.

What You Need Spring and Fall

WHEN you feel "all run down" is **Ayer's Sarsaparilla.** For restoring strength after sickness, or toning up the system at any time, this is the medicine of all others. Don't waste time and money on worthless compounds, whatever their pretensions; but remember that Ayer's has been the standard Sarsaparilla for nearly half a century and has no equal.

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"As a safe and reliable spring and family medicine, I think

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

saparilla invaluable."—Wm. R. Ferree, 1 Chatham st., Boston, Mass.

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Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood."—H. D. Johnson, Jr., 383 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla has a well-deserved reputation in this locality for restoring to healthy, vigorous action the vital organs when they have become weakened or exhausted. I have used it in my family for this purpose, especially after the system has become depleted from malarial attacks. I have advised its use among my neighbors in similar cases, and it has always proved invaluable."—C. C. Hamilton, Emberson, Tex.

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It gives perfect satisfaction."—Eugene I. Hill, M. D., 381 Sixth ave., N. Y.

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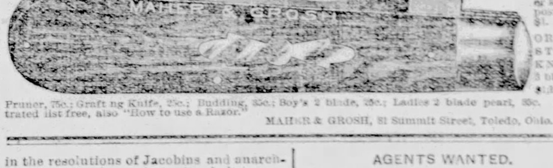

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TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1890.

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Circulation Last Week, 100,000.

TO COMRADES WHO RECEIVE THIS NUMBER.

Our soldier friends are sending us in lists of names of comrades who do not take THE BLADE, that we may mail them sample copies, and receive their aid in working for a more liberal and just scale of pensions. Quite a number of comrades and others will receive sample copies of this issue. To them we say: We want the aid of your influence in our effort to build up public sentiment all over the country in favor of better pension legislation; to this end, we ask you to subscribe, and for your help to get others to do so. The influence of a paper is in direct proportion to the number of people who read it; and we propose to make our work count with Congress in this matter. We propose to *compel* our dilatory law-makers to do something; and to make the pension question a leading issue in the election of members of the Fifty-second Congress at the polls this fall. Will you help us? Give us the aid of your example, your assistance, and your influence!

It is not so very long ago when the word tomato was unheard of, and its use as an article of food unknown. The grandmothers of the present day will remember when they were called "love apples," and were planted on one corner of the garden as an ornamental shrub or curiosity, but even for this purpose they were not commonly grown. Fifty years ago the doctors commended them as a healthful thing to eat, and the new word "tomato" became familiar. At first this was the only fame and food value of the fruit, vegetable, or whatever it may be. Now, as every one knows, the tomato figures largely in garden produce. It is an important factor in the cook's department, as most dishes are improved by a dash of its tart, spicy flavor. A great, ripe, red, luscious tomato with mayonnaise dressing is considered a dish "fit for the gods," and causes epicures to smack their lips in anticipation or remembrance of its succulency. One thinks with a sigh of regret of how long its sweetness was wasted on the desert air, and were it not for the word healthful and the doctors, the world might still be in a state of ignorance concerning the tomato. One might trace the rise of celery in the same way. Smallage it used to be called and grew in rank profusion in fence corners and out-of-the-way places. No one thought of using it. Children would occasionally chew the leaves until some one discovered its value and the way it should be cultivated, and now one finds celery upon every dinner table and there are few who are not fond of its crisp freshness.

AGAIN the Democrats in the House of Representatives threaten to take to the courts the question of Speaker REED's right to count a quorum when members refuse to vote, although they sit silent in their seats. This time it is because when the roll was called on the bill for the admission of Idaho, the Democrats refrained from voting, and Speaker REED, ascertaining by counting, the presence of a quorum in the chamber, officially announced that fact and declared the bill passed. Well, why don't they test his power in the courts without making so much talk about it? He isn't afraid of the result nor is the Republican party.

THERE is a lively Democratic row going on in Pennsylvania. Mr. WM L. SCOTT, the eminent free trader from Erie, is anxious that in the next state election the ticket shall be represented by those who will vote for GROVER CLEVELAND in '92, and consequently he opposes ex Senator WALLACE for governor. WALLACE has been to Washington and had a conference with SAM RANDALL, and the two will pool their issues in the fight. It is safe to predict that the ex-president will get a backhander of some kind, for RANDALL has no love for him and knows that his nomination ruined the chances of his party in the last election.

A COMMUNICATION from the secretary of the Treasury to the House of Representatives shows that there are unpaid judgments due the United States amounting to $35,000,000, and that there would be a likelihood of collecting a fair share of this sum by the expenditure of $30,000 for legal services. It would seem that an appropriation of the amount asked for should be at once made, for no business man would hesitate to use such a sum with the prospect of making the larger amount due and the government should be as shrewd in its transactions as a private business operator.

THE attempt of British manufacturers of tin plate to keep that industry a monopoly of South Wales and Monmouthshire will not succeed, for already tin plate mills are being erected in Pittsburg and at the West, so as to be prepared to begin the manufacture as soon as the Republican tariff bill becomes a law. The free trade journals in this country that have sought to help the British manufacturers have not been able to scare Americans off the track.

A CAREFUL review of the returns from the Rhode Island election seems to warrant the belief that the Republican will, when the supplementary elections are held, control both branches of the legislature and consequently elect their state officers. The Australian ballot system was tested for the first time in the State at this election and members of both parties can rejoice in the satisfactory result attending its operation.

THE directors of the London Zoo are in a high state of excitement over the birth of twins to the female gorilla, the first of this species ever born in that city. Mme. G. has been in very bad temper, but it is hoped now that she will be more tractable.

GEN. SICKLES promises to purify the New York sheriff's office, but it is not believed he really appreciates the magnitude of the task he has undertaken. If he is in earnest the evil-doers will quickly fall before the Sickles of Reform.

THE bill placing Gen. JNO. C. FREMONT on the retired list of the United States army is likely to become a law. The general has rendered his country valuable services and he should be cared for in his old age.

GOV. HILL's veto of the ballot reform bill will prove fatal to his Presidential aspirations.

WYOMING will doubtless put the forty-fourth star on the national flag.

PROHIBITION IN IOWA.

No state in the Union has had more pronounced temperance sentiments from the beginning of its history than Iowa. Even Maine cannot go beyond its Western sister, in its ardent support of absolute prohibition of what destroys body and brain in those who otherwise would be good citizens, bringing bitter anguish and untold distress upon their innocent families. But Maine has not had one influence to contend with which is exceedingly strong in Iowa, and which is always to be found upon the side of the liquor dealers, that of the citizens of European birth. The Germans every where oppose with all the might that is within them, anything like high license or prohibition. They oppose it as a direct blow at their rights, a part of which they hold lies in the liberty of both selling and drinking ale and beer *ad infinitum*.

It is this influence largely that has brought about the present condition of things in Iowa, resulting in the state conference of anti-Prohibition Republicans. This is made up of two factions—the politicians who want the vote of the foreign population, and the people who believe the prohibitory law to be a failure. To understand the position of the latter class, it is necessary to go back a little.

So long ago as before the war, Iowa began its strong agitation upon the temperance question, bringing about the enactment of a law by the Democratic legislature then in control. This law prohibited the sale of all kinds of wines and liquors, including ale and beer. There was then beginning a large German emigration, and it was to prevent the checking of this, that the Republicans, in the beginning of the war, amended the law so as to allow the sale of wine, ale and beer, while other liquors remained prohibited.

This, however, did not suit the people at large. So strong was the sentiment that a popular movement was made to demand prohibition by a constitutional amendment, and it was successful. A non-partisan election was held in June, 1882, and 30,000 majority was rolled up in favor of shutting the doors of the state against all liquors. The Supreme court declared this invalid, but the people were not to be balked. They demanded of the Republican party a law to be enacted prohibitory in character, and it was done, going into effect in July, 1883.

It has now been in operation almost seven years, and what is the result? To-day Iowa is one of the most prosperous states in the Union. Nowhere are there so many magnificent farms, thriving villages and enterprising, growing towns. All over its broad acres the sentiment of the "people" has made the enforcement of the law an easy matter, except in the larger cities and along the rivers where the population of foreign birth outnumbers the native Americans. It is freely admitted that it has emptied the jails in very many of the counties, diminished pauperism and added to the wealth and prosperity of the people.

In perhaps 20 per cent of the counties it has failed utterly of enforcement, and the conference was called to deliberate upon some change in the law, and to demand of the Republican party a modification in accordance with the result. They say that from the beginning they were opposed to Prohibition, but were willing to give it a trial, which trial has proved it a failure in the large cities, that should now be given the option of high license.

The question is whether this is not the entering wedge of a repeal of the Prohibition law, which has been so successful in its operation in so large a part of the state. If it be, then the people should rise up in force and put down the movement.

THE BLADE believes in high license wherever the temper of the people is such as to render prohibition an impossibility. Better extract the fangs of the serpent, if it may not be killed outright. If, as is claimed, the large cities and border counties are given over to the demon of drink, because there is not force enough in public sentiment to carry out the law, then the option of high license might be the part of wisdom.

THE BLADE also believes the people of Iowa are to be trusted. They have seen the benefits of temperance too strongly exemplified within their own doors to permit them to swing back to admit an influence that will make their hearthstones desolate and bring ruin where now is peace and plenty. They will demand that the prohibition, which has done so much for the state at large, shall stand, while there may be special legislation for certain cities which demand local option. The Republican party of Iowa will not act rashly, but seek in the future, as it has in the past, to be guided by the strong sentiment of the great majority of the people, which is always to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

AGAIN the report comes that Queen VICTORIA is about to abdicate the throne of Great Britain in favor of the Prince of Wales. This report has been quite frequent of late years, but there seems now to be some plausible reasons for its truth. The queen has reigned for 53 years—longer than of her predecessors, except two—HENRY III and GEORGE III—and in actual sway longer than they; for HENRY began his reign as a minor, and GEORGE was for ten years insane and the government was administered by a regent.

VICTORIA has been an invalid for several years and her health does not improve, but continues to steadily fail, and she is now over 70 years of age. She knows that the Prince of Wales is strong in the affections of the people, and she ought to be able to read the signs of the times, which indicate that while he would be hailed as her successor, he has no son who would be permitted in the present temper of the people to occupy the throne. If she should abdicate it would probably be only because she believes that the physical condition of the Prince of Wales is such that he would not long enjoy the honor of the crown even if it should come to him now. She may outlive the prince, and if such should be the case she would be able to exert a powerful influence against any attempt at revolution when the worthless son of ALBERT EDWARD, who is known as "Collars and Cuffs," should seek coronation.

THE Czar is evidently in a bad way. One story is that he has been poisoned, another that one of his subjects has committed suicide in consequence of having been designated by lot to assassinate his imperial majesty. Then the closing of the universities has excited the ire of the students, and it is likely we shall hear of more revolutionary plots by them. The Czar's lot, like the policeman's, is certainly, just at this time, not a happy one.

EMPEROR WILLIAM is reported to be the author of a pamphlet entitled "He Goes—What Now?" which betrays an intimate knowledge of German affairs. The young ruler seems to be mixing up in all sorts of things, but when he compares himself, as he is said to in this pamphlet, to SAVONAROLA and CONSTANTINE it looks very much as if he was afflicted with a case of *capat elephantiasis*.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has not yet exercised the veto power, while in the first year of his administration Mr. CLEVELAND returned 115 measures to Congress without his approval. Most of those, however, were pension bills.

TEN DOLLARS FOR CLUBS!

THE BLADE is now offering the highest cash payments for clubs of any of the newspapers of the country. Those who wish to raise clubs and receive a cash premium will please write to us for confidential terms to agents.

Those who desire to earn one or more of the other premiums on our list, should read the following offers:

For a club of 10 subscribers, at $1 each, we will give a Trenton Watch, worth $5—*a guaranteed watch.*

For a club of 15 subscribers, at $1 each, a china tea set.

For a club of 20 subscribers, at $1 each, a china chamber set, or a Blade cook stove.

The teaset, chamber set and cook stove are the same that have already been described in our columns.

As an aid in raising clubs, write to us for all the specimen copies you may need. We will gladly furnish them free.

BRAZILIAN AFFAIRS.

An effort is making by the more patriotic of the revolutionary leaders in Brazil to have the general elections for members of a constitutional convention held at a considerably earlier date than that first determined upon. The original arrangement was that the elections should occur on September 15 next, that the national assembly thus chosen was to meet two months later, frame a constitution and prepare a republican federative system. This is a good hearing. The government should be put on the only sure foundation—that of the consent of the people, through their properly elected representatives. As matters now stand, Brazil is not a republic, nor is she a monarchy; and as the transition state must necessarily be full of peril, it is the part of wisdom to make it as short as possible.

The simple fact is, the present government of Brazil is purely a military oligarchy, those in power being responsible to no laws, and subject to the restraints of no popular legislature or assembly of any sort. Instead of preserving the institutions and laws of the country intact until a constitutional assembly was elected by popular suffrage, the so-called provisional government has created radical laws by simple decree and has completely altered some of the most important statutes of the Brazilian system without the slightest regard to the people. That the error of continuing this anomalous condition is realized, and an honest effort making to change it, is cheering news to the well-wishers of the United States of Brazil.

ONE of our best comedians says that "it is difficult to tell exactly what stage humor is," making fun and analyzing it are two different things." There is no gathering in the world that can laugh like an American audience when it gets started, and it is usually the unstudied humor that starts it. Carefully planned jokes often fall flat, while some unexpected accident will set people to roaring. A cough, stumble or any odd movement starts an audience off into convulsions of laughter, and once started these things become a part of the regular stage business. American humor has a distinctive quality of its own, though it honors some from other nations, and most of all from the Irish. Every one is always pleased at the simple, ingenuous countryman, who goes straight to the root of everything, makes ludicrous mistakes, and then laughs at himself.

Some people say it is a lack of culture to laugh at hayseed and backwoods fun, but city people who can see the humor that relates to city life upon the stage at any time, when they are taken back to the days in which they lived in the country and played tricks around the farm, find the bucolic humor comes to them like a relief. All true humor is kindly, and rustic humor most of all. It is not necessary for a man or a woman to have had a classical education to be able to appreciate a joke, and those people who can make fun for the million should be looked upon as public benefactors who help the world to laugh and grow fat.

HON. JEFFERSON CHANDLER, who is an aspirant to succeed Senator VEST, of Missouri, recently delivered a speech in St. Louis on the Democratic party and its prospects. He made it rather warm for ex-President CLEVELAND and the free traders who follow him, and paid his respects to the tariff reform fad as follows:

"The Democratic party cannot adopt the policy of extermination of protected industries. Neither can it pursue a revolutionary policy in regard to federal taxation. Its line of battle in 1890 and 1892 will be as it has heretofore been in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, the two Virginias, Indiana and Missouri. It must appeal to the conservative thought of those states for success. It cannot afford to throw itself at the feet of any man. Democracy is greater than any individual. Parties forming tariff reform clubs and other unions, reflect but a single idea, ought to disband themselves and in their places organize Democratic clubs. One idea, and that a subordinate one, an impracticable one, a cold, pulseless one, an idea confronted with a decisive majority against it in the United States, which, increased by the admission of new states, will continue for at least ten years and possibly longer is scant political capital to wage a great battle upon. Persons suffering from mental lassitude to the degree that one idea makes them noisy, ought to seek seclusion and rest."

MR. CHANDLER seems to overlook the fact that the bulk of the Democratic party is in the South, and believes in free trade. MR. CLEVELAND has control of that wing of the party and is likely to keep it.

LETTERS have been received from old soldiers in various parts of the country saying that Democrats have made the assertion that it cost the United States government more money for clerks, agents, etc., to pay out the pensions to the Union veterans of the late war than the sum of those annual pensions amounted to. Although we knew that such was not the case THE BLADE instructed its Washington correspondent to send the actual figures of cost of running the pension bureau in all its branches, and the amount of pensions annually paid out.

These figures will be found in the news columns of this issue of THE BLADE, and show that the total cost of paying out the pensions last year was $4,355,400, while the amount expended in the payment of pensions last year, including revolutionary, 1812, Mexican, Indian, or war of the rebellion pensions, was $80,473,000. This is a sufficient answer to the Democratic assertions referred to.

IT is the intention of the Republican leaders to bring the present session of Congress to a close in June. So far business both in committee and in the floor has been dispatched with good expedition and remarkable progress has been made in advancing legislation. The tariff bill is now only waiting on the minority of the Ways and Means committee; the appropriation bills are well advanced, and pension measures are in good shape. If Congress adjourns in June it will be an event that has happened but few times in nearly thirty years.

THE free traders are very solicitous about the woolen industry and constantly assert that the protection policy is destroying it, but in 1880 the valuation of the woolen mill property in the state of Maine was $1,262,000, and now it is $2,076,665. That don't look like destruction, does it?

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

There has been a slight change in the financial situation since last Monday, a less confident feeling prevailing with regard to the immediate future of money, and yet there is no special cause for alarm. This change of belief from a confidence in the continuation of easy rates, which have existed for some weeks, is mainly due to the slight flurry in the New York stock market last Thursday, which admonished the banks that the interior is in need of funds, and that if business is to remain active this need must continue. In regard to this the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* says:

"Instead, therefore, of a return flow of currency setting in with the first of April, an enlarged outflow is the indication at the moment. To be sure, the Treasury is paying out six millions of interest; that is an important item, yet it is apparently being to a considerable extent offset by larger receipts of revenue than the total of ordinary disbursements, while bond purchases are small. Altogether, therefore, it looks as if the banks would show but little gain in reserve by the statement which is to be made public to-day. Even last Saturday the total excess reported by our clearing house institutions was only $4,331,650, while four of the larger banks held an excess of $3,506,000. While such a condition of reserves continues, a change in the current of the currency flow is essential to permanently easy money. We still look, however, for some return of funds during the coming week from near-by cities—funds which have been sent for first of April purposes, and which would naturally flow this way again when the work they were sent to accomplish was completed. With reference to the first of April government financial statements, it should be remarked that they show a movement of currency in March just the reverse of that which was disclosed during February. It will be remembered that a month ago in reviewing the action of our independent treasury arrangements, we noted that over $12,000,000 net had been drawn out of the banks by the government in February and locked up beyond the reach of commerce; that even after allowing for the silver coinage addition and bank notes retired, the actual loss of currency in the hands of the people in the 28 days of February was over $11,000,000. Now we find that, according to the 1st of April figures, the government has paid out over $8,000,000 of currency more than it has received, besides the silver coinage and bank note movement; including that movement, commerce has gained in March through the treasury operations $9,979,092 of currency."

Of course the damage and interruptions caused by the Louisville disaster, the storms in other places and the threatening state of the Mississippi river, are hindrances to trade, yet the prevailing tone in business circles continues quite confident. In regard to failures the exhibit for the first quarter of this year, published by Dun & Co., shows a smaller number of insolvencies and less liabilities than in the corresponding period in 1889, and this will be a surprise to many people. The records show that there were 3,223 failures in the United States during the three months of 1890, against 3,311 during the three months of 1889, while the liabilities were only $37,852,968, as compared with $42,972,516. The general impression had been that the record this year was proving much more unfavorable than last year. Analysis of the results shows that as regards some of the more important sections, this impression was correct. For instance, in the Middle states there were 836 failures, against only 746 in 1889, and the liabilities were 50 per cent greater, or $15,397,933, against $10,293,520. The Western states also show an increased number, but a diminished amount of liabilities, the figures being 1,078 against 995, and $11,306,563 against $12,972,962.

Coming to the other sections, the result is quite different. The Southern states have only 629 failures against 723, but with liabilities of $5,063,956 against $4,596,906. The Pacific states report only 305 failures against 409, and liabilities $2,223,000 against $2,678,695; and the New England states 375 against 438, with liabilities only $3,861,516, as compared with $12,430,433. In brief we may say that outside of the Middle and Western states, the results are quite favorable. The change in the New England section will account for more than the whole of the falling off in the aggregate of liabilities for the entire country.

There was an increase in the volume of business during the month of March over the same month last year, notwithstanding the very much smaller stock speculations, the gain for all cities being 1.8 per cent, and outside of New York, 9.2 per cent. This is the more satisfactory as it follows the heavy gains in the same month last year.

GET A WATCH FREE!

The attention of all readers is directed to the offer on the Trenton watch, in the Publishers' Department, fifth page. It is an excellent watch, and none have so far been returned under our warranty. It is the very best cheap watch in the market. We have several thousands of these watches, which we bought to give away to club raisers. To any one sending us a club of ten subscribers to the Weekly BLADE, and $10, we will send one of these watches free. We did not buy them to sell, but if any subscriber wishes one, we will send him the Weekly BLADE one year, and a Trenton watch, for $5. The watch retails in the jewelry stores at $5. Get up a club; you can earn yourself a good watch in a few hours.

THE Mormon priesthood, who rule their misguided followers with an autocratic sway that reminds one of the priestcraft of the middle ages, evidently see that it is useless to persist in their effort to perpetuate that loathsome revival of the barbarous institution of polygamy. There was a time when they emulated that Biblical worthy who "waxed fat and kicked." They ignored federal authority, spat upon the law of the land and even tore down the United States flag and trailed it in the dust to show their contempt for the government. The day of reckoning came when the EDMUNDS law was passed, and the federal authorities began its enforcement without fear or favor. The Mormon priesthood found, through hard experience, that polygamy and other crimes at which the law was aimed would be punished, and that the cloak of religion thrown around them would not screen violators from just punishment. The battle against federal authority has been clearly shown to be a losing game, and the indications now are that the leaders are on the eve of a modification of their policy. At the recent annual meeting the high prophet of Mormonism astounded the mass of believers by an announcement that the era of special revelation was closed, and this is believed to be but a prelude to the formal abandonment of polygamy as a religious tenet. When this is done, Mormonism will have lost its worst feature, and will no longer be a reproach on American civilization.

REPRESENTATIVE STONE, of Missouri, outraged decency in his tirade against pensions. His view seems to be that the payment of pensions to deserving veterans is simply larceny, and he declared that the people are being "despoiled and burdened" by pensions. Mr. STONE is an extreme Bourbon in his views, and it is a pleasure to know that they are not shared by a respectable member of his Democratic colleagues in the House.

CHICAGO has the honor of giving the first order for American-made tin plate, a firm in that city having placed a contract for ten tons. This fact must send a pang to the souls of the free trade allies in this country of the British monopoly which has hitherto controlled the tin plate trade of the world.

THE SIGNAL SERVICE.

It is the fashion to make fun of the predictions presented by the signal service, and much amusement is caused by bright paragraphers at the expense of Gen. GREELY and the weather bureau. It is a fact that generally the signal service predictions are about a day late, and many times when fair is predicted a man will be sure to take his umbrella, while if rain or cloudy weather is promised he will wear a cane, satisfied that the predictions go by contraries. It must be admitted, however, that in many instances the signal service has given warning of the approach of floods, tornadoes and thunder storms, and that by attending to these warnings many communities and individuals have averted serious loss of property and perhaps life. The track of the tornado which recently wrecked Louisville was predicted early in the day on which it occurred, and was published in THE BLADE the afternoon before the event. Sergeant DUNN's warning to the people in the lower Mississippi Valley has been verified by the condition of things thus far, and it would seem that the people of New Orleans should rather be thankful for knowledge of what they might expect than seek to take the official scalp of the man who had done them the favor of giving advance information.

Still, generally speaking, the weather forecasts of the signal service have not been correct, and from this fact it is evident that predicting the weather is not an exact science. In fact, the accuracy of the present "predictions" will not, we think, compare with the results of the "probabilities" which were formerly given by the Signal bureau. The fact is the signal service has branched out from its former proportions, and now does business upon a much larger scale.

"Old Probabilities," as the chief of the Bureau was known a few years ago, much more accurately laid down the law about local weather than is the case nowadays. That was in some part due to the less ambitious efforts of the bureau at that period in its history. It did not make any great effort to master the law of storms on a large scale, but it noted and announced the approach of cold and warm waves, the barometric and thermometric ranges, the relative humidity—all of which were given in detail to the extent of the reports received from stations rather more widely separated than they are now.

And then the public did not expect so much then from the Weather bureau. It professed to deal only in "probabilities." The change to indications was made during the incumbency of Gen. GREELY's predecessor, Gen. HAZEN, because of the high percentage of accuracy resulting from the "probabilities." One officer, now dead, who had for a year charge of the predictions at the office in Washington, made a record of 97 per cent of correct predictions as to the weather during that time. So Gen. HAZEN believed that such a degree of perfection had been reached by the observers of the bureau that they could afford to give "indications," instead of more "probabilities." But the discarding of probabilities was a mistake. No signal service can be of much public benefit that does not educate the public. The practice of stating probabilities created a lively interest by leaving a great deal unsaid. The public soon learned to know that certain conditions of earth and atmosphere rendered certain results probable. In that way it learned to put this and that together and arrive at a probability of its own. The old system made men generally students of meteorology. They began to take note of the conditions over a large area, to compare present conditions with the previous and to judge for themselves what was probable. In all respects this was advantageous. It was popularizing one of the most interesting branches of natural science. The distinction between a fact and a probability was taught in a practical manner, and it was seen that, given similar conditions over a considerable area, certain phenomena were probable, and the conditions being the same in all essentials, the phenomena were certain to follow. But the fact is that conditions are variant as a rule and similar in few instances, and hence we cannot get beyond probabilities in forecasting the weather.

If a change in the reports sent out by the signal service should be made so that the facts should be presented in one paragraph and the probabilities in another, the public could then choose whether it would accept the conclusions of the weather clerk or draw its own deductions from the existing conditions of "high and low."

IF BISMARCK shall carry out his promise to occasionally favor the press with his views upon the leading topics of the day, he will have it in his power to make it very unpleasant for his successor and his young Emperor. The ex-chancellor has for so long held such absolute censorship over the leading journals of the empire that they will still defer to his wishes, believing that he is now, just as he was in office, the embodiment of the opinion of the German people. BISMARCK is Germany yet, far more than KAISER WILLIAM, and it would not be strange to see the Reichstag following the direction of the ex-chancellor instead of doing the bidding of its rash emperor.

THE Pennsylvania railway is the pioneer in a reform which will be hailed with delight by the traveling public. It curtails largely the antics of that nuisance, the train-boy. He can no longer dump a load of books, boxes of candies, etc., in your lap, whether you will or not, and subjects him to rigid rules which keep him within reasonable bounds. The other railroads of the country can not adopt a similar plan too quickly to suit a long-suffering public.

THE most hopeful sign of revolution in Russia is the fact that the men who are working for it are the educated and intelligent young men of the empire. Monarchial absolutism can not hope to triumph in a struggle wherein the thinking and progressive elements are arrayed against it. The conflict will be a dire one, and the whole social fabric will likely fall in ruin before the right triumphs—for "not burns the fire where wrongs expire."

THE Republican majority of the House Ways and Means committee reported their tariff bill to the full committee on March 31. Ten days are to be allowed for the Democratic minority to propose amendments, and then the bill goes to the House for discussion and action. The reduction of the revenue by the bill is estimated to be forty-five millions.

THE strongest objection that is urged by the Democrats against Mr. LODGE's election bill is that it is calculated to aid the Republican party. The bill is only intended to provide for a free ballot and an honest count, and this opposition seems to be a confession that Democratic success is impossible without crookedness of some sort.

GROVER CLEVELAND wants to make the next birthday of ALLEN G. THURMAN a "national occasion," and celebrate it by a grand Democratic love feast. It is quite likely that the Old Roman of the Democracy will decline to aid in booming Mr. CLEVELAND in his presidential aspirations.

AMERICAN-BUILT vessels are the best in the world. The free traders, however, insist that we ought to buy all our ships of English builders.

DEMOCRATIC AND REPUBLICAN HONESTY.

The misapplication of state funds by Treasurer ARCHER, of Maryland, brings to mind the fact that there have been several Democratic state treasurers who have helped themselves to the money and securities entrusted to their keeping. A list of these defaulting state treasurers and the amounts of their shortage is as follows:

State Treasurer Churchill, of Arkansas, shortage	$ 80,522 01
State Treasurer Polk, of Tennessee, shortage	400,000 00
State Treasurer Vincent, of Alabama, shortage	243,148 94
State Treasurer Tate, of Kentucky, shortage	247,028 50
State Treasurer Burke, of Louisiana, shortage	827,000 00
State Treasurer Nolan, of Missouri, shortage	32,445 00
State Treasurer Hemingway, of Mississippi, shortage	315,000 00
State Treasurer Archer, of Maryland, shortage	200,000 00
Total	$2,345,144 45

An examination of this last will show that these Democratic defalcations have all occurred in states where political frauds have been most flagrant. If there is no respect for the rights of individuals the moral sense of the community becomes blunted and the rights of the state are not considered.

It will be remembered that when the Republican party in 1885 yielded up its power after twenty-four years of uninterrupted control over the affairs of the government, the Democrats asserted that when they got at the books they would be sure to discover all sorts of dishonesty. In fact, this was one of their great campaign cries; and the then vice presidential democratic candidate was especially vehement in his charges of fraud upon the treasury by the Republicans. It will also be remembered that when the books were examined, the most critical search could only discover a shortage of two cents, and even this sum it was afterwards found could not have been stolen.

The contrast between Republican and Democratic conduct of funds, state and national, is very great. The different results are due to the different standards of honesty. A free ballot and a fair count are essential to honesty of administration of state as well as national affairs.

"DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES" VERY CHEAP, TO CLOSE OUT.

Although several very large editions of "Old Dr. Carlin's Recipes" have been printed, the supply is nearly exhausted We have a remainder of only a few dozen on hand, the covers of which are slightly discolored, but the inside of the books is as good as ever.

We will send these by mail, postpaid, at *one dollar* each. The regular price is $2. It is a book of 600 pages, filled with valuable and proved recipes. The supply is very small, and they will be all gone within a few weeks. Order quickly! You will get the book at half price, and aside from slight discolorations of the cover, they are equal to new.

THE slighting way in which women treat their family names is one of the chief grievances among lawyers. A certain alteration in a woman's name always takes place at marriage, and for years it has been the custom for a wife to sink her identity in that of her husband. It seems a difficult matter for the feminine mind to grasp the fact that a legal significance is in any attached to the matter, but after a lawyer has been detailed to trace up a dozen different signatures belonging to the same woman, the importance of keeping ones own name is apt to be realized. If a girl baby is christened Mary, she will sign herself, when she is old enough to sign anything, as May, Mate, Molly or any pet diminutive her family may have given her. Elizabeth can be twisted into all sorts of odd sounding cognomens, and are adopted according to the owner's liking. A matter of fact, practical lawyer would never dream that Else or Lisa really meant Elizabeth, and such changes often give rise to great complications in legal matters. Of late it has become the proper thing among the girls of the period to adopt the name given them in baptism, and the more old fashioned it was the better. Coquettish sounding Kittie becomes dignified Catherine; Nelly is merged back into the stately Cornelia, and so on through the list. It is also the fashion for a married woman to retain her own family name, preceding it by her given name, and following it with her husband's family name. Frances Folsom Cleveland, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and a few other well known women have set this good example, and it is to be hoped the majority of the feminine world will follow it, even if they have no prospect of being engaged in legal proceedings.

IT looks now as if the state of Maryland would be somewhere between $200,000 and $500,000 out through the defalcation of her Democratic state treasurer. The worst of it is that eminent lawyers who have looked into the case say that not a cent of this can come out of the pockets of Treasurer ARCHER'S bondsmen, because the state failed to exercise proper supervision over its property, as provided in the constitution. What with Senator GORMAN'S bossism and ARCHER'S stealings the Maryland Democrats are having a hard time of it.

HERE are a few figures for the free-traders to ponder upon, as they show what protection has done for the country: In 1850 the gross value of the manufacturing products of the United States was $1,096,109,616, and in 1880 it had grown to $5,369,579,191, a gain of 226 per cent. In 1850 the number of hands engaged in manufacturing reached 958,079, and in 1880, 2,732,595, a gain of 185 per cent.

THERE is one point about the new tariff bill that has not been generally mentioned. If this measure becomes a law the government will no longer be able to import free of duty the articles which it uses, or which are to go into the construction of public buildings. This feature of the existing law has has frequently worked to the disadvantage of American contractors and manufacturers.

THE Republicans in New York have several times won through the blunders of the state's Democratic governor, and it may safely be predicted that the recent veto of the SAXTON ballot reform bill will add many thousands to the Republican vote in that state in the elections next fall.

THE plan for a Methodist university at the national capital seems to have been successful. The ground for the buildings will be purchased at once, and an application for a charter will be made. Bishop NEWMAN has no doubt that abundant funds will be forthcoming.

GEN. RAUM is making a good record as pension commissioner. For the four weeks ending March 22 last the number of pensions issued was 15,615, as against 8,012 for the corresponding period of 1889. The army of waiting veterans will be pleased with this expedition.

THE passage of the MCKINLEY bill will knock the tariff reform plank out of the Democratic platform. Then will GROVER CLEVELAND bow his head upon his ample breast and say, "Othello's occupation's gone."

THOSE POSTAL CARDS.

During last week, there was a good deal of interest among Congressmen over the thousands of postal cards showered upon them, and a decided impetus was given to the cause of pensions. Every mail came loaded with them, to the delight of the Republican friends of the soldier, and the deep disgust of the Bourbon enemies of pension. Representative STONE, of Missouri, made a furious attack on the pension system in a speech on a private pension bill on Saturday, which was, a Washington correspondent informs us, inspired by the bushel or so of cards which he received.

There is no doubt that this tremendous appeal to Congress direct by THE BLADE readers has not only renewed interest in pension legislation, but has brought it to the front as a question that must be settled before the tariff discussion begins. We look for some action within two weeks, possibly within a few days. And we thank our readers again for so promptly endorsing our advocacy of the veterans' rights. No other paper in the United States could have done for the soldier what THE BLADE has already accomplished in their cause.

THE PENSION DEBATE.

Monday was a lively day over pension matters in the national House of Representatives. Mr. MORRILL, of Kansas, endeavored to have the House general pension bill taken up and passed as a substitute for the Senate disability bill. To suspend the rules requires a two-thirds vote, however, and this could not be obtained for the measure, the vote standing yeas 169, nays 87—a lack of but two votes. The vote on Mr. MORRILL's motion, however, does not affect the status of either bill. It was not a defeat of either measure, but simply of the proposition to suspend the rules, substitute the House measure for the Senate dependent bill, and pass the substitute.

The Republicans voted for the measure, though several protested strongly against having a motion sprung upon them which would preclude any amendments of the House measure. There is a difference of opinion among the Republicans—one portion favoring the passage of a service pension measure that will benefit every honorably-discharged soldier and sailor of the rebellion, while the others fear that the expense of this would be too great, and therefore favor an age limit, upon reaching which the veterans will be placed upon the pension rolls. The general pension bill, which Mr. MORRILL tried to rush through, was that favored by the latter class. In brief, it provides a pension of $8 per month to all soldiers who are disabled from earning their own living, no matter whether the disability is the result of their service in the army or not; and also gives the same sum as a service pension, to all veterans who have reached the age of 62 years, to the others as fast as they reach that age, and to their widows. It is estimated that this bill would put some 300,000 veterans and 65,000 widows upon the rolls at once, and require an expenditure of $39,000,000 per year.

The chances are that the pension bill which the House will pass will deal more liberally with the veterans than this. A strong effort will be made to abolish the age limit entirely, and pension all, without distinction of age. If this is found impossible to put through, then an effort will be made to lower the age at which pensions shall begin, and fix it as near 50 years as possible. It may be that a compromise will be reached fixing 56 years as the limit. It is believed that President HARRISON, while favoring the principle of a service pension, feels reluctant to have all soldiers put on the rolls at once, because the amount of money it would require might render it impolitic to reduce the revenue by the passage of the McKinley tariff bill, which is imperatively demanded by the Republican party. He is therefore constrained to favor an age limit, and it is believed that the House bill which Mr. MORRILL tried to have passed, reflects his judgment in making 62 years the limit.

THE LAST CHANCE TO OBTAIN "ANDERSONVILLE."

For a year or so we have not been advertising the famous book, "Andersonville," because we intended to abandon its publication, supposing that every one who wished it was supplied. Still, the orders have kept dropping in, two or three a week, which we have filled from the copies remaining from former editions. These being exhausted, we have had printed a final edition of 1,300 copies, which are now ready for delivery. When these are exhausted, the book will be out of print, and therefore unobtainable.

The book is one which every one interested in the war of the rebellion should have. It is the recital of the experience of JOHN MCELROY in Andersonville and other rebel prisons, and gives the best history of life in the prison-pens of the South which has ever been published. It is a large volume—so large that the postage on it is 25 cents—and was originally sold by subscription at $3 per copy. We will now send a copy by mail, postpaid, for $1.25. Remember this is the last chance; when the 1,300 copies now on hand are sold, the book will be out of print. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

SENATOR BECK is likely to retire, for his health has been in a very unsatisfactory condition for some years and his physicians have told him that if he attempts close mental application it will result in a complete breakdown. Mr. BECK has been the ablest man on the Democratic side of the Senate ever since his election to that body and he has been the clearest exponent of the principles of his party on the tariff and finance. He has been an earnest, honorable fighter for his party and has won the respect of the Republicans for his consistent course. Personally he has many warm friends among his Republican colleagues who will regret that he is compelled to take the course indicated. He will probably be succeeded by Mr. CARLISLE, who is a mere political tricaster without the brain, the nerve or the manliness of the present senator.

THE Conservative Ministry of Canada has declared a commercial war upon the United States. It would have displayed more common sense if it had made some effort to cancel its great indebtedness caused by extravagant public expenditure, before assuming such a belligerent attitude. However, the United States can stand it if Canada can.

THE Court of Claims has decided that the government must pay members of Congress the money which was drawn for them and carried off by Cashier SELCOTT, but it has not yet been stated that the Treasury has paid its money to the sufferers.

REPRESENTATIVE BUTTERWORTH has introduced a bill in the House providing for the erection of a new building for the U. S. patent office. Mr. BUTTERWORTH was commissioner of patents himself once and knows the needs of that bureau.

IN Mississippi when a colored mail agent is appointed the outraged whites shoot at him. And yet it is said that Mississippi is a peaceable, law-abiding state.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A Rhode Island lady owns a talking canary bird. It acquired language through association with a parrot.

England has got an oldest Free Mason. His name is William Salmon; he is a doctor, and is 100 years old.

Actresses in making up color their ears to match their faces. Most other women do not, and the contrast is noticeable.

English literary papers have so much to print about Browning now that they get it all together and put it under the head "Browningiana."

London is troubled over its water supply and is looking about for a corporation rich enough and willing enough to build an aqueduct from the Malvern Hills.

The English public is trying to get an act of Parliament to compel the railroad companies to provide proper restaurant accommodations at

THE PENSION QUESTION.

SIXTH PAPER.

The Status of Pension Legislation in Congress at Present—The Outlook.

We are glad that so many of our readers promptly replied to our request to mail postal cards to their Senators and Representatives. We are assured by our correspondent in Washington that the thousands of cards which were showered on Congress created an intense anxiety to see the "Open Letter to the Members of the Fifty-first Congress," and that, as soon as the issue containing it arrived, it was read with the utmost attention, and the arguments therein were received with the respect due an appeal endorsed by so many thousand citizens.

The case stands thus: THE BLADE'S constituency is enormous, but it is scattered all over the Union. We believe our readers agree with the views we express in our "Open Letter." How to mass our scattered constituency, so as to make it effective in a united demand upon Congress, was the problem. We could think of no practical way but the one we adopted—to appeal to each one to send postal cards to a senator and representative, endorsing THE BLADE'S position. The attention of the individual members of Congress was forced to be given to the article through the emphatic endorsement thus given. It was more powerful, even, as an argument to obtain the desired result, than a petition would have been, though signed by that many names.

We shall probably again ask THE BLADE'S readers to unite in a similar movement, in the near future, and we hope that the response will be much more general than it has been on this occasion, tremendous as this was. In case we should again call for such an endorsement, we trust that every friend of the soldier, every man who believes that justice shall be given them, will interest himself in getting all his friends and neighbors, whether they are BLADE subscribers or not, to join in the movement. It is open to all to give us their endorsement. We are working solely and entirely in the interest of the veterans, because we believe in the justice of their demand; and we are determined to use all means at our command to induce Congress to act at once.

The situation in Congress as regards pension legislation at present is simply this: The Senate passed the "dependent" pension bill on March 31, as was given in our Washington news last week. That bill has now gone to the House, and is in the hands of the Pension committee of that body.

The House will, without doubt, pass a "service" pension bill. The probability is, that it will pass this as a substitute for the Senate "dependent" bill. The service bill will then go to the Senate, for its concurrence in the substitution. There is where the trouble is going to come in. The Senate may disagree to the substitution; in that case, a "conference committee" will be appointed, composed of members of both House and Senate, and this committee will be expected to reconcile the difference of opinion between the two houses of Congress on the subject, and may modify the measure in various ways. It will then be reported to both Senate and House. Either may disagree to the amendments, and the bill may be referred back to the committee—in which case, it is possible that it may be held over until the next session—that is the session beginning in December next.

Now, this must not be. The soldiers and their friends must protest vigorously, and protest in time, so that Congress may be spurred up to do its duty at this present session. And especially must the Senate be energetically called upon, when the time comes, to accede to the service pension measure, which the House, to all appearances, will pass.

When that time comes, we shall call promptly upon THE BLADE readers to act; and if we do call upon you, friends, we hope that every one of you will not only respond himself, but get two others to do so. This will make a phalanx of a *quarter of a million* voters demanding this action. In numbers is strength! Congress will not dare oppose so tremendous an appeal as that, coming from all parts of the Union. So, if we ask you to repeat the call you have just responded to, act promptly; and remember that every man you can get to indorse our appeal makes it just that much stronger!

There are, in the House, somewhere between forty and fifty Democratic Representatives who will vote for a service pension bill. Not all the Republicans, however, will support it. This is especially the case with the New England members. The feeling of the Representatives from that section is decidedly hostile to the measure.

Hence, the members of THE BLADE phalanx who reside in the New England states should endeavor to bring a very heavy pressure to bear upon Congress in favor of the measure; and, if THE BLADE calls for another appeal by postal card to Congress, they should bestir themselves to make the response from their section as large as possible.

The argument used against service pensions is, that the cost will be so enormous that the government can not furnish the money; the first and second years it could be met, probably, from the surplus, but after that, they argue, the government would have to resort to extra taxation in some form, to raise the sum needed.

To this, the answer must be, that an act of simple justice, an honest carrying out of pledges and promises must not be quibbled with. If it were a question of paying war bonds, for instance, no member would hesitate to vote for even increased taxation, if that were the only way of meeting the exigency. The claims of the old soldiers are just as valid as those of the bondholders, and they must be met as promptly and as unhesitatingly.

The time has come when the soldiers must be heard, and their claims receive the consideration which their importance demands. There has been entirely too much delay. This has not been entirely the fault of the Republican party. In point of fact, it has been a number of years since it has had control of both branches of Congress and of the chief executive. THE BLADE has never faltered in its advocacy of the yet unsatisfied claims of the soldiers; but of what use to urge them upon a Congress of which one branch was in the hands of the Democratic party, whose course was dominated by Southern ex-rebels? Not the least in the world. We had to wait till the Republican party had a majority in both houses of Congress, and a Republican President in the White House. It does not need saying that President HARRISON will not veto a service pension bill, if passed by Congress. He will not follow the example of GROVER CLEVELAND in that respect. He was a soldier himself, and a brave one; and no one knows better than he the sufferings and privations of the men who bore the banner of the Union through those years of conflict, and whose martyrdom was covered with the palms of victory. All that an united people and a restored nation can do to show a sense of gratitude for the splendid work they achieved will not be too much. Money can not pay for the trials they endured, but it can alleviate the cruel pangs of disease and suffering, it can render their old age comfortable, it can keep them and their loved ones from having to endure penury or pauperism. And there should be no hesitancy in meeting the debt the country owes them.

We are glad to say that the outlook is promising for the service pension bill—far more promising than it has been for some time. We repeat, it is reasonably sure that the House will pass a service pension bill; and if the Senate can be brought to a realizing sense of its plain duty, it will also pass it, the President will sign it, and a simple act of justice will be done.

WHAT THE BOYS SAY

ABOUT THE PENSION QUESTION.

Another Batch of Letters to the Blade on This All-important Matter.

THE letters from soldiers on the pension question are as the sands of the sea in numbers. To publish all is impossible. Hence we make a selection, cut them down all we can, even to a couple of lines, and publish as many as we can find room for. All those given below were received before February 27—hence you can see how far we are behind. *Make your letters short* write only on one side of the paper; address your letter simply "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio," and *not* to the Camp Fire; give your full name, with company and regiment; tell us what pension legislation you favor, and your reasons—and don't be offended if your letter is cut down, or not published at all.

Pensions Must Come Now.

SIOUXBURNEY, IOWA.—I, as a Republican, demand that the present Congress give us the arrearage act. I went out June 13, 1861. Was only 18 years old. Was told by father, who was rich, if I did, he would never give me a cent. I went, and he kept his promise. The government promised me $13 a month in gold, but I did not get a cent in gold. Gold was worth at one time $2.90, for I sold a $5 gold piece I found in Washington, D. C., for that price. The bond-holder was paid in gold, so should we be paid as per agreement. When I came home after being out almost four years (without coming home) the copperheads said the debt would never be paid, whereas, the old soldiers have lived to see and helped to pay it almost off. If we had the money the Pacific Railway companies have been allowed to steal they could pay us what is justly ours. But they are composed of the men who furnished the money to the government, got it back in gold, and in addition was given the land to build, God only knows how many railroads, and 26,029,534 acres of our best lands was also given, and yet there is nothing for the boys in blue, when it comes to a money value. I would not go through that for a million dollars, after all this help to bondholders and railroad companies. They are not willing to do the right thing by us. They have told us they would if they had the power. They have the power now, and must receive it again. I know they will not if they don't fulfill the pledge. I can control (3) three votes against them, and I know some who can control from three to seven.—J., Co. I, 1st Iowa Cav.

What Justice Demands.

COLOMA, WIS.—I would ask if we, prisoners of war, are entitled to compensation in the shape of $2 a day for the time we endured the excruciating torments of those terrible dens, the Southern prisons? Think it would be long delayed justice to pass such a bill. At enlistment we were told that we and our dependent parents, and our families would be provided for if we were injured in any way in the line of duty, but in many cases how we were injured cannot be proven, so there are thousands sent to the poor house. Therefore pass the dependent bill. The next measure, in my opinion, that would give general satisfaction is the per diem bill. I think there is unjust discrimination between those who lost limbs and those who lost health; think it ought to be reversed to compensate for suffering endured.

Pensions All Alike.

BEDFORD C., PA.—I am in favor of a service pension bill, or repeal the arrearage act, and give us all a pension alike. I went in the army a sound, hearty man, but now I am nothing but a wreck of a man. I am getting a small pension, not enough to keep me half. I think Congress ought to do something for us old soldiers that have been waiting so long for help, and do it at once. We left our homes and friends and suffered all kinds of hardships to save the greatest government in the world. I say pension all alike according to disability. I say let the revenue remain as it is; do away with the red tape, and give it to the private soldier and their wives, and not so much to the officers' widows. I cannot see that they are any better than our wives.—J. M. N., Bat. I, 3d Pa. H. A.

Must be Done at This Session.

COY, MO.—The battle is on, and at this session of Congress, too. We propose to fight it to a finish now, we don't want any more pledges; what we want is, are you going to fulfill those already made? What we want is the per diem bill, as it comes nearer near justice than any I have seen, or the best pay us what the government promised, the difference between rag money and gold, with the interest you give the bond-holder and have done with the pension business. No more pledges; we have enough of that. When is the government going to be more able to pay us? When they get the tobacco tax removed, the tax nearly or all off of whisky, and put up a fine building at every Confederate crossroad? No, gentlemen, the time has come to shut up or put up.—LOUISVILLE LEGION.

Will Lose the Soldier Vote.

PELLSTON, MICH.—As an ex-soldier, I will give my views of what I would do. 1.—Repeal the "arrears act." 2.—Give a pension to disabled soldiers sufficient to pay their board, regardless of how they became disabled except that such disability "shall not be the result of their own vicious habits." 3.—Give every honorably discharged such a pension as will not be a disgrace for the United States to give, nor for the soldier to accept. I do not think an ex-soldier will ever help himself by helping elect Democrats to legislate for us, but if the members of this Fifty-First Congress do not show themselves men, they will surely lose most of the soldiers' vote next term.—W., Co. I, 3d N. Y. Cav.

Service Pension the Thing.

BOWLING GREEN, FLA.—What we need is a service pension bill. I and many others only want pay for the service we rendered. I enlisted in 1861 and served three years and four months, and so far as I know was mustered out sound, but never have been as sound since. Yet the dependent pension bill would miss me and many others who went through the entire war, and need pay for our services as much as any. Neither do I want longevity. The boy of 15 should get pay for the service he rendered, the same pay as the man of 45.—M. M., Sergt. Co. I, 11th Ky.

Soldiers' Land.

MAPLETON, N. Y.—What about the land to which the soldiers are entitled? Many, like myself, are too old nearly to avail themselves of any advantage that might grow out of the limit allowed for completing title to the land; but the government would give us land scrip that was transferable, with the privilege of completing title the same as if the soldier himself settled on it, it would have a commercial value and would help us some, and cost the government no more than it would to have it settled by the soldier himself.—J. D. A.

Wa-ching Republican Congressmen.

OAK HILL, KAN.—I am a life-long Republican; but we in this state are watching the party very closely, and if something is not done during this administration for the old soldier, the stats will never again go 82,000 Republican majority. I want all soldiers to have a pension, and the amount to be governed by the length of time served. Strike out the red tape and give us all pensions, that our pathway to the grave may be somewhat smoother.—L. T. F.

A Shaking of Dry Bones.

PECULIAR, MO.—If this Congress does not do something soon, there will be a shaking up of dry bones in Washington such as never was known before. They must remember that there are nearly as many votes among the sons of veterans as there are veterans, and they will not forget those hypocritical smiles that was showered upon their fathers for their valor and patriotism in order to catch their votes.—W., Co. F, 2d Ill. Cav.

Died for His Country.

WILLARD, KY.—I acted as a spy for the Union cause. I was captured by Witcher's men, and hanged, at about 10 o'clock. That was the last I knew till about next day, when I was roused by two buzzards walking on my body. I died once for my country, and am willing to do it again, if it is needed.—S.

Wants Fair Play.

IOWA CITY, IOWA.—I am an old soldier, but don't want the earth—only fair play. In my judgment, the first thing Congress ought to do is to repeal the arrearage law. Surely the soldier who could help putting in his claim until after 1880, is just as much entitled to back pay as the soldier that put in his claim prior to that time. Let Congress also pass a good pension bill, granting pensions to all honorably discharged soldiers (no $2 per month bill, either). We are not beggars, as some would and do call us. It is a debt our country owes its brave defenders.—P., Co. C, 124th Ind.

A Pension Not a Gift.

FLORENCE, PA.—I am in favor of a service pension, but not the kind of one that would make no difference between one hundred days service and six hundred days, not that it would affect me, for I served 1,197 days. Nor am I in favor of the service pension being given to those who now receive a pension of $24 or above per month. I think there should be no difference in volunteer service between the officer and the private soldier, the difference in monthly pay while in the service being sufficient for the increased responsibility. While I honor the memory of Shields, Logan and other brave officers, I am bitterly opposed to granting their widows any greater pension than is granted to the widows of enlisted men who were equally as brave though less fortunate, as it savors of class legislation. A pension is not a gift; if it is, all citizens have an equal right. A pension is a reward or payment for work or labor done, therefore the one who served for one year is entitled to but half as much as the one who served for two years.—C., Co. A, 85th Pa.

A Clean Argument.

MOUND CITY, S. D.—It is impossible to estimate in dollars and cents the sacrifices that some men made in the service of their country; none more than the young man who, at a critical period of his life, left home and its needed influences, perhaps to learn habits which would ever afterward unfit him for social standing or business success. Had he remained at home like his less patriotic acquaintances, he might have acquired business habits that would have made him wealthy. Older men often left a promising business, to return, at the close of the war, and find their business fully occupied by citizens. A large majority of the ex-soldiers are Republicans. But they cannot be deceived by plausible excuses for non-performance of pledges. The Republicans control the executive and legislative departments of the government, as they often have before, and must be responsible.—J. R., Co. D., 68th Ohio.

The Limitation of Arrears.

BEATRICE, NEB.—The next move we hope to see in Congress, is the repeal of the act of March 3, 1879, by which the statute of limitations was put up against all that filed and established their claims after June 30, 1880. This act was an act of injustice between comrades. If there is any reason for such inequality for those who were disabled in the service and in the line of duty, I confess I never have heard it. And further, if there are any reasons that can be given why a debtor should have the privilege of putting up a law of limitation at his pleasure, I should be glad to hear it. I hope THE BLADE will pay particular attention to the repeal of this limitation act. Senator Ingalls has introduced a bill for the repeal of this measure now in the hands of the Senate committee. The bill is right, righteous, equitable and is long past due. Let it be passed as soon as possible, and let all pensions commence at the time the disability was incurred and commenced.—J. E. G.

The Time Has Come!

VAN WERT, O.—The time has come that we must be heard. We were heard from 1861 to '65, and we intend to be heard now. If not by petition and by letters from us, it will come by that mighty power, the ballot. We are about a million; we will average at least two sons to each one, who can vote with us. Three million votes—yes, and more! We ask that there be a just and liberal law passed regarding pensions for soldiers and their widows. We believe that every man who went to the front and was discharged honorably earned a service pension of not less than $8 per month, with a per diem of 1 cent per day per month for time or short service. We also believe that there ought to be a disability bill in connection therewith, rated according to disability received. We believe the repeal of the arrears bill an unjust discrimination as between soldiers. If they were entitled in 1880, they are now. Our Congressmen and the President do not want to forget their declarations and promises during the presidential campaign. There are no excuses to offer for want of a Republican working majority in both House and Senate now.—J. L.

Epithets Flung at Soldiers.

FREDERICK, ILL.—To give you an idea what some of the stay-at-home old copperheads think of a soldier, I will give you a few sarcastic epithets that have been said in my presence, such as: "Let 'em do like the rest of us—root, hog or die." "All you did was to go down South and free the niggers." "It was a God send you were in Andersonville." "I don't wish the soldiers any harm, but I hope they will never get a pension." "Better men stayed at home than have gone to the army." "The government thinks more of the men who stayed at home than those that went to the army." Which will Congress favor—them or the soldiers?—F. C. A., Co. D, 116th Ill.

What They Get.

DIXSON CITY, FLA.—The bondholder gets all he is promised, the officer's widow gets a fortune, the soldier's widow gets enough to buy soap for herself if she takes in washing, and the soldier gets enough to starve on; and yet we hear of immense amounts paid for pensions! I for one, think that if the present Congress don't fulfill promises made, we should elect them to private life next term. Whoop up the service pension and equal pay to soldier and bondholder!—G. W. A., Co. E, 1st N.M. Vol. Cav.

The Proper Course.

EATON RAPIDS, MICH.—The principles of the Republican party are all right; the thing to do is to keep our eyes on our men who represent us, and if they are too cowardly to stand squares for our rights, retire the man, not the party. There is not one district in ten but what, if we fully determined to do so, could prevent the nomination of any man if we would stand together.—H. S. M.

Condensed Opinions.

HAVENSVILLE, KAN.—The service pension bill, and appeal of the arrearage act.—S. T.

BOLIVAR, MO.—Every soldier that has an honorable discharge ought to have a pension.—M. A. A.

HIGHLAND, PA.—I think every one who was in the service ought to receive a pension according to the time he served.—H. B. C.

PARK PLACE, ARK.—I think the service pension bill is the thing that will heal up the broken down soldier.—T. H. S., Co. C, 3d Ark. Cav.

BRUCE LAKE, IND.—I am anxious to see the men yet living who did so much for our country get justice. I believe it right and proper that they should have it now, if ever.—J. H. W.

SPRINGVILLE, ——.—What we say is pay us what justly belongs to us; we do not care what you call it, pay or pension, if we only get it; if we do not get it soon, we shan't want it.—G. W. H.

SENECA, KAN.—I am in favor of a service pension of $8 per month, even though that would not make up for the loss of wages in our pay, as we got only about $5.00 or $6 per month.—J. R. B.

PITTSFORD.—I served from January 1, 1862, until the close of the war. I am now drawing a pension of $2 per month. If I am entitled to a pension at all, I think it should be at least $15 instead of $2.—W., Co. A, 21st Iowa.

WASHINGTON, IND.—I will not as yet pronounce anathemas on our Congressmen who fail to do their duty by the old soldier, but we are carefully watching them, and will not forget at the next election what they do.—A. E. J.

SALMON CITY, I. T.—They want to reduce the tariff so that there won't be money enough to meet their obligations to the soldier. I say, pay up all of the arrears and give every soldier a service as well as a disability pension; then reduce the tariff, if necessary—not until then.—T. H. B.

SOLON, MICH.—I do not think that any general or general's widow, who is able to work, should receive such large pensions as they do, while the private or his widow gets so small a pension. The officers got extra pay for extra responsibilities while in the service, and there the discrimination should stop.—D., Co. C, 13th N. H.

COATESVILLE, MO.—I would be satisfied with the passage of the service pension bill, because it would do justice to more men than other bill. I am getting no pension, and I claim the government owes me the difference between gold and a depreciated currency, and if it is going to pay us, let us have it before we are dead.—F., 2d Ky.

NEW LEXINGTON, O.—I voice the sentiment of nearly all veteran soldiers when I say I am in favor of a service pension for every Union soldier in accordance with the time or service he gave his country, and let final pension begin with the passage of the bill and continue during the soldier's natural life.—J. F. W., Co. D, 31st Ohio.

ADA, S. D.—There has got to be some outside pressure brought to bear on our representatives, for Congress, left to itself, will never voluntarily do anything for us broken-down men; and unless our present Congress does something, I am in favor of sending men there who will pledge themselves to work for a service pension bill.—S., 6th Pa. R. V. C.

——, IOWA.—I would like a service pension bill to make it as near equal as possible to all, according to length of service, and have the law so modified that the soldier's widow would have nothing to prove except that she was lawfully his wife and that her husband is dead. I do think the soldier's widow is entitled to her support from the government that her husband helped to save.—A. Mc., Co. D, 30th Iowa.

WAUSEON, O.—The eyes of the boys are on Congress. The Presidential campaign was filled full of promises for those who stood the brunt in the heat of the battle. If there is not some law passed to benefit the soldier largely, the Democrats will be as thick as yellow jackets in apple butter time. I will never vote the Democratic ticket, but it will be hard to vote for a party that will say one thing and do another.—H.

CLEARMONT, MO.—Of all the proposed legislation the first that will show justice by the government is the repeal of the limitations of arrears; the next is equalization of bounties, and service pension at the age of 55 or 60 years. I predict that if this legislation is not done, that Ohio, Indiana and Illinois will go Democratic in 1892. I have always been Republican, but if the above is not done, I will be a Republican no longer.—Co., Co B, 52d Ind.

PIKE, N. Y.—What the great body of soldiers who stood the brunt of that terrible war want is a carefully drawn service pension bill, one that recognizes long terms. We do not ask this government to give a man who served 90 days, or even one year, but we received ten or twelve hundred dollars bounty, and never shot a gun, any more per day than one who served three or four years and fought scores of terrible battles. Many of us, after serving years in the army, returned home and were taxed for years to pay local bounties to those men who went near the close of the war.—A. P. W.

CEDAR SPRINGS, ——.—The government has ample means to care for the veterans. Some of them are in almost as bad condition as were the boys in rebel prisons. Which is the worse, the rebels, who did not have enough to feed their prisoners, or our own government, which has ample means to care for them, but will not? The prisoners were taken while fighting the rebel government; the boys received their disability or the causes thereof while fighting for our government, to preserve it and establish peace and safety. Now they suffer, and our government will not relieve their wants.—A. T. S.

BRAINARD, NEB.—My father was sent home a corpse from Nashville four months after his enlistment; my mother was left with three children—I the eldest, and but seven—without means. She obtained a small pension, as did I until I was 16. When in my 18th year I met with an accident which deprived me of my eyesight, and now without parents and penniless. I am obliged to grope my way through darkness, while the coffers of the government are overflowing with their millions. And when I ask my representative to introduce a bill in Congress for my relief his answer is: By doing so would be an innovation of the present law. I do not envy the parent of a soldier while Congress is caring for them, but is for a dependent child of a soldier entitled to the same care or recognition from the government, though it be above the age of 16?—G. W. G.

You can make a large sum of money at work for us in your own locality. During the past few years, those who have thus worked have received over Five Millions of dollars for their services—more than a barrel of money. We want a few more workers at once. The work is easy, pleasant, adapted to both young and old of either sex. You can work all the time or in spare time only. Any one can do the work after studying our directions for a day or two. This is the chance of a lifetime for those who apply at once. Any one anywhere can earn $20 a day and upwards. No class of people in the world are making so much money, **without capital**, as those at work for us. Whatever you have done, or whatever you may do, you should look into this **royal chance**. You will find that you can easily make all that we claim, and **more**. If you write to us before we secure all the workers we need, we will lay all before you **FREE**. Better write before you rest, and then if you conclude not to go to work, or if we cannot employ you, no harm is done. Every one of our workers makes big money. **True & Co., Box 140, Augusta, Maine.**

WELL-KNOWN FOREIGNERS.

Count Munster, the German ambassador at Paris, who resigned after Bismarck's fall, is renowned as a gourmet, and is the author of one of the best cook books in the world.

A mass of private letters by Richard Wagner, Liszt and other celebrated musicians who have gone before has just been discovered by a European publisher, and will soon be given to the world.

Dr. Charcot says that he does not fear for Dom Pedro's reason. The ex-emperor is still dangerously ill, but may recover. The shock caused by the loss of his wife is the chief cause of his illness.

The poor Sultan hasn't got rid of the Prince of Naples yet. Every day's entertainment of the young potentate costs $600, and the Sultan, who was almost bankrupted by the Emperor of Germany's visit, is in despair.

Hugh Thompson, a clever young Irishman, has just received a commission from the celebrated publishers Black in Edinburgh to illustrate Walter Scott's novels. The commission will occupy him seven or eight years.

"She is a living enigma," said the famous Dr. Brouardel, after he had examined into the mental condition of Gabrielle Bompard, the accomplice of Eyraud in the now celebrated murder. The doctors are not willing to declare her insane, but all admit that there is something uncanny about her.

Sir Frederick Leighton, the Prince of Wales, Alma Tadema, Mr. Gladstone and Max Muller are among the first to inscribe their sentiments in the huge album which England is going to present to M. Pasteur as a tribute of admiration for his labors in the cause of science.

They say that the Emperor of Germany scowled furiously when, as the delegates at the International Labor conference filed by him at the official reception, he noticed the French and Swiss delegates in plain evening dress—the only ones not in court costume. The Emperor has not much sympathy with republican simplicity.

An American lady once more presides over the social arrangements at the French ministry of foreign affairs, the receptions at which, during the season, are among the most splendid in Europe. This is the second time that American has furnished the hostess at the French foreign ministry.

The origin of French commerce in Dahomey is very funny. A French trader found that the only money in the country was cowry shells. He also discovered that cowry shells came from the coast of Mozambique. He went thither, scraped up two shiploads of cowry shells, sailed back to Dahomey, and with his "money" bought immense privileges, which were the foundation of the French trade.

Felix Moscheles's famous studio in London, where Browning used to sit musing for hours, where Gounod improvised, Joachim played, Modjeska declaimed and George Eliot and George Lewis held conversations, is coming down. Lord Cadogan, who owns the gardens in which the studio stands, is going to improve it out of existence.

The Czar of Russia has bought the Michael Palace in St. Petersburg, and will make it his home when he visits the capital in the future. It is much more retired and more easily defended than the Aultschow Palace, where he formerly resided, and which he has now turned over to his son. Every person at court is forbidden to give any account of the Czar's comings and goings from this palace.

LOVE'S LOGIC.

I am a woman, and I love you, yet
I'm not a thing of changeling smiles and tears;
Of pretty wiles, alternate hopes and fears,
To weep when you are harsh, and then forget
And laugh my grief away when your brow's tempest clears.

I am a woman, and I love you, though
'Tis not because you seek me, nor because
Your eyes command me while your voice makes pause;
You have revealed yourself to me; I know
That your's is not a nature free from flaws.

I am a woman, but my love means not
Submission to some other mind's control,
Surrender of my body and my soul.
The love I give to you is love unsought,
Since loving you makes my poor half-life whole.
—(Elizbeth Leigh, in Drake's Magazine.

How Farmers are Taxed.

It is not uncommon to hear our farmers complain of the taxes they have to pay. Sometimes they are too high and the payment of them could be largely lessened by increasing the productive power of an acre of ground. For instance: a farmer who sows poor seed, raises scrub stock, or buys adulterated or imperfect implements, must certainly pay proportionately high taxes. Not to mention the improvement he might make by getting the best seed and live stock, he could buy a Deering Binder or Mower, and save money in the harvesting of his grain and grass crops.

A Horse Attacked by a Lion.

Tuesday morning as Luther Evans, a son of L. L. Evans, went to the field for his team on the Barber Darling place, near Soquel, he discovered that an animal, which he supposed was a dog, was worrying one of the horses. As he drove nearer he saw that the animal was not a dog, but an exceedingly lively specimen of the California lion, which was making a vicious attack upon the horse, biting and scratching it with feminine ferocity. The horse was making the best defence possible, rearing and kicking, and was aided by his mate, but the lion was very evidently getting the best of the fight and would soon have secured an equine breakfast. As young Evans, who was on horseback, rode up the lion crouched on the ground for a moment and then ran off to the woods. The horse had been badly bitten on the flanks, neck and belly, and was nearly exhausted from loss of blood, but under proper treatment is expected to recover.—[Santa Cruz (Cal.) Surf.

The Jim Dandy and the Daisy.

A correspondent, says the Philadelphia *Press*, trying to chaff Governor Rusk, stood up before him and said:

"See here, Governor Rusk, you don't know me. I want you to understand that I came from the west and I'm a regular Jim dandy of a feller."

"Yes, I suppose you are," said Uncle Jerry as he arose to his feet in order to tell his story better. "You make me think of the sermon of the minister who was discoursing on the wonders of the Lord's creation and said that he made the large as well as the small things of the universe. Said the preacher: 'When God made the mighty ocean he made a little rivulet. When he made the snow capped mountain he made a hillock. When he made that king of beasts, the elephant, he made a flea,' and when he made me"—here Uncle Jerry drew himself up to his full height and stretched out his arms—"he made a daisy, and I suppose you think you are the daisy."

—Weak, nervous men! Send for sealed directions, free, of a common sense home cure, no electric nonsense, no stomach drugging. Address Albion Pharmacy Co., Albion, Mich. Box No. 3.

Killing Soldiers by Lightning.

An American inventor has jumped over the heads of the gunners and proposes to deal out death and destruction in a much more wholesale way than they can accomplish. His scheme is to produce artificial lightning. "Thus far the experiments have been confined within narrow limits, but with the use of a small dynamo attached to my invention," he says, "a slight shock can be produced effective enough to kill the flies in a 20x20 room. With the use of powerful dynamos a flash of lightning can be directed against an army a mile or more away, and without injury to the party operating the gun, scattering death and consternation among the troops. With powerful dynamos thousands of soldiers can be killed at a flash, and a number of flashes are enough to destroy an army.

Soldiers and Soldiers' Heirs

Should at once correspond with Sonle & Co., Washington, D. C., relative to the new dependent pension bill, which benefits thousands. Copy of bill sent free.

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER LI.

BY THE BANKS OF THE CUMBERLAND.

By the banks of the Cumberland echoes the roar
Of the sentinel's warning—the foe's on the shore!
Our war drums are beaten, our bugles are blown,
And our legions advance to their musical tone.

By the banks of the Cumberland, slippery and red,
With the death dew of battle, and strewn with the dead,
Kentucky has routed her insolent foe,
And victory's star gilds the night of our woe.

By those banks that once bloomed like an Eden of joy,
The demon of treason stalked forth to destroy.
Our rich teeming harvests he swept in his wrath,
And the blaze of our dwellings illumined his path.

Like an eagle-plumed arrow our Nemesis comes.
Shout, soldiers! sound bugles! and clamor, oh drums!
Let the land ring aloud in the wildness of joy,
And the bonfires burn brightly—but not to destroy.

For the God of the Union has prospered the right,
And the cohorts of treason have melted in flight.
Blow, bugles! roll, rivers! and tell to the sea
That our swords shall not rest till Kentucky is free.

SHERMAN'S IN SAVANNAH.

Like the tribes of Israel
Fed on quail and manna,
Sherman and his glorious band
Journeyed through the rebel land,
Fled from heaven's all bounteous land,
Marching on Savannah!

As the moving pillar shone
Streamed the starry banner,
All the day in rosy light
Beaming victory all the night,
Till it swooped in eagle flight
Down in doomed Savannah!

Glory be to God on high—
Shout the loud hosanna!
Treason's wilderness is past,
Canaan's shore is won at last,
Peal a nation's trumpet blast;
Sherman's in Savannah!

AN UNFORTUNATE "CRACKER."

He Gets Into the Fire With Both Big Feet.

The phosphate beds produce lots of funny instances. A tall, lank Cracker entered a chemist's office the other day with a handkerchief full of rock and sand, and in a husky and excited whisper said:

"Mister, be you alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can I lock this door?"

"Yes, if you wish to."

After locking the door and seeing that no one was hiding anywhere, the Cracker slowly undid his handkerchief and handed some rocks to the chemist for his inspection, and asked: "What do you think of that?"

The chemist carefully examined it and said: "I do not think much of it," at the same time pouring some acid on it which caused it to effervesce like a seidlitz powder.

Cracker—"What does that show?"

Chemist—"That shows it is a first class sample of lime, with no bone phosphate about it."

Cracker—"Boss, are you sure about that stuff?"

Chemist—"Yes, very sure."

Cracker (with long drawn breath)—"Well, I've married a widder with a hill plumb full of that stuff, an' I thought it was phosphate. I'm in for it, ain't I? Goodby."—[Gainsville Advocate.

THE MODERN SAMARITAN.

Not Over Anxious to Help the Traveler on His Way.

I am free to confess that I did not meet the proverbial good Samaritan as I journeyed through this much favored country. If one meets a tiller of the soil he will slide off as far as the narrow path will allow, and scowlingly watch the traveler's approach. The offer of a plaster will bring him to a standstill.

"How far is it to Nain?"

"God knows," came the fervent answer.

"How long will it take to go there?"

"As long as God pleases," he answers with a shrug of his shoulders and a pull at his pipe.

"Shall I reach there by noon?"

"If God permit."

"But may I hope to make the distance in an hour?"

"As God may direct," he answers, walking away.

"Is Nain distant, or is it very near?"

"There," he answers, moving his finger through a wide arc. If one extracts a more neighborly spirit than this from a Samaritan he must have the mysterious power of a dervish.—[Century.

At Church.

A gentle smile adorned her face;
Her robe the latest style expressed,
She knelt with most exquisite grace
Upon the velvet cushioned rest.
And at the proper time and place
To hearen her voice in prayer addressed.
I listened, and her words so pat
Began a mingled smile and frown—
She criticised a neighbor's hat
And held her prayer-book upside down!
—[Texas Siftings.

WALL-PAPER BARGAINS.

8 yds Strong White Back Paper for..... 3 to 5c.
8 " " Gilt " " .....5 to 10c.
8 " " Embossed Gilt " " .....8 to 15c.
Any width Gilt Border..... 3 to 5c. yard
" " without Gilt Border..... 1c. yard
Send two 2c stamps for samples to
F. H. CADY, 86 High Street, Providence, R. I.

Publishers' Column.

OUR "TEA SET" OFFER.

The Blade tea set, of which an advertisement will be found elsewhere, is not a toy tea set, but the pieces are all of full size. The shape and pattern are exclusive for THE BLADE. The material is of the best grade of American-made ironstone china. The decoration is in the style now so fashionable, and as good as can be found anywhere. There are eighty pieces in the set, as follows: 12 breakfast plates, 12 tea plates, 12 cups, 12 saucers, 12 fruit (or sauce) dishes, 12 "individual" butter dishes, 2 cake plates, a teapot and cover, a sugar bowl and cover, a cream pitcher and a bowl.

The Toilet Set.

The toilet set is of the same kind of ware. It consists of twelve pieces, ordinary size of such articles. This set consists of a large water pitcher and wash-basin, slop-jar and cover, chamber and cover, soap dish, drainer and cover, small pitcher for drinking water, mug and vase. They are packed, each set in a box, and shipped direct from the factory to the purchaser, upon our order. The box can go by freight or express, but the charges are lighter by freight, though it takes longer for it to come.

Read the advertisement and note the remarkably easy terms upon which you can obtain either of these. The conditions there given are the only ones on which you can get them. There never was a more liberal and valuable premium given with any paper than these. THE BLADE has never made as good an offer, save on the sewing machine.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address
THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portrait which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—Charles Wesley, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The three divines	50
The four generals	65
The entire set of seven	1 00

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address
BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

CELEBRATED PICTURES AT POPULAR PRICES.

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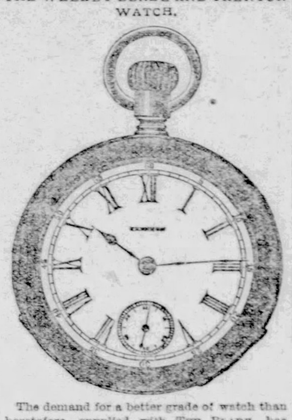
THE WEEKLY BLADE AND TRENTON WATCH.



The demand for a better grade of watch than heretofore supplied with THE BLADE, has forced us to discard the watches recently offered with THE BLADE at $4.00 and $4.25, and look for something better. After a careful investigation we have decided to use the Trenton watch, which is, without doubt, the best watch for the money in the United States. It is a stem winder and stem setter. Unlike other stop watches, it can be repaired by any jeweler. For a club of 10 yearly subscribers sent at one time with $10, we will send this watch free or will send WEEKLY BLADE one year and a Trenton watch for $5.

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

THE
North American Review
FOR
APRIL, CONTAINS:
DISCIPLINE IN THE NAVY.
By ADMIRAL PORTER, U. S. N.
FLAWS IN INGERSOLLISM.
By the REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D.
SOCIALISM IN GERMANY.
By OSWALD OTTENDORFER.
Kinship and Correlation.
By FRANCIS GALTON, F. R. S.
My Life Among the Indians.
By BISHOP WHIPPLE, of Minn.
The Needs of the South.
By Ex-Gov. LOWRY, of Miss.
Conversational Immoralities.
By MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.
The Plea for Eight Hours.
By Master-Workman POWDERLY.
English and American Book Markets.
By O. E. BUNCE.
Society in Paris.
By MADAM ADAM.
Changes in My Ballot Bill.
By STATE SENATOR SAXTON.
THE TARIFF DISCUSSION.
By the Hon. W. C. P.

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

WOMEN IN UNIFORM.

Admiration of Beauty Always Legitimate—Trouble That Men Have in Making Themselves Beautiful.

SOMETIMES I wonder if a law should be passed compelling everybody, and especially all women, to adopt one style of dress, and that as plain as plain can be, thus blotting out at one fell swoop the variety of lovely things which fill the stores, challenging the admiration—not to say adoration—of every feminine eye, what the result would be upon the world. Only think of it! No time spent in wandering from store to store to get exactly the shade to match some other tint or color; no hunting with determination in the eye for some especial style of trimming that will make the completed garment altogether lovely; no fixing a fascinated but despairing gaze upon some beautiful goods, the sheen and shimmer of which follow the fancy even in dreams, in which, too, the day's consideration of ways and means is prolonged; no haunting of dressmakers' shops; no studying over the perplexing problem of skirts plain or skirts trimmed; no trying on of "loves of bonnets," and wondering how five or ten dollars may be made to pay for that most becoming head-gear of all others marked at fifteen or twenty; all of these things would vanish into the past. Othello's occupation would, indeed, be gone.

WEARYING MONOTONY.

I hope that state of things will never come to pass. How monotonous it would be to see all women clothed alike, without reference to size, complexion or features. It is bad enough to have the masculine portion of humanity trotting around with garments so nearly akin that they might have all had one parentage, but should variety depart from woman's apparel the result would be appalling. Mother Nature has set a good example in this direction. The flowers of the field are each different from all others in color, shape and texture, and what a glory is theirs. No indeed! Let the artist's brain go on with its work of creating new and beautiful designs for personal adornment; let the looms of the world go on weaving finer and more exquisite fabrics, until they shall seem to be the work of more than mortal skill; let women go on studying how to make pictures of themselves that please the eye and enhance their attractions.

There never was a time, so far back as history goes, when it was not legitimate to admire beauty, and the higher the civilization the more care was bestowed by women upon the robing of the human form In Oriental countries men dress with a good deal more thought in that direction than here, where the idea of utility has put to flight any conceptions of grace or harmony. Only the coldest, hardest, severest lines are allowable in masculine attire, and the glory of coloring is banished utterly. I often think what a discouraging thing it must be for a man who has any artistic taste to try to clothe himself into a thing of beauty. It is not strange that most men take about three times as long as do their wives to make their toilet for a social gathering. Their vanity—for masculine vanity is not a myth, I am assured by women who know, and my own observation bears out the assurance—must be constantly and direfully shocked by the futility of efforts to set off their attractions by dress. What a pity it is that they cannot go back for dinner and evening wear to the days of knickerbockers, velvet waistcoats of various colorings, gold and silver buckles and fine ruffles.

TRUE DRESS REFORM.

It is not probable that women will ever follow their example in this matter. Dress reform has never made any headway that contemplated ugly attire and it never will. Women feel convinced that beauty, and convenience—which means also physical comfort—may be combined and no style that does not include these qualities will ever be adopted Annie Jenness Miller would not be listened to for an hour by fashionable, or by the larger proportion of the unfashionable, part of society, if she did not show possibilities of beauty in the dresses which she recommends. Even the exceeding utility and comfort of the union undergarments would make little impression did she not exhibit them on her own person in charming combinations of pink silk and filmy laces.

Of such queer stuff are we women made!

The whole world is familiar with the name of the Empress Eugenie, Centuries hence her name will, doubtless, be found in the pages of history. Her fame was won, not by great deeds, not by philanthropy, nor is it all reflected Napoleonic glory, but it was the combined production of beauty and exquisite taste in dressing. She set the fashions for millions of women to follow, and from them there was no appeal. She was the arbiter of dress in civilized Europe and the United States. By a passing fancy she could influence great financial movements, creating or destroying the market for different goods, and producing or preventing a panic at will.

It was a passing power, but she was a veritable Queen of Women, as well as Empress of France, while it lasted.

Women are scolded for their devotion to dress, and vilified if they wear ugly and ungraceful apparel. They are told that it is their duty to make themselves pleasant to look upon, but condemned for spending so much time in finding the means to the desired end. They are warned against extravagance, yet are constantly discovering that economical dressing brings them neither admiration nor appreciation. Even the husband, whose interests the prudent wife is studying, frequently leaves her side to pay his homage to the woman whose beautiful toilet may or may not be paid for.

To say the least, this is rather perplexing to the woman who wants to act wisely.

As in almost everything, there is one right way out of any confusion in regard to the matter. It lies in the cultivation of an independent disregard of what our friends or neighbors may wear, and that unselfishness that will make us content with doing what we know to be wisdom. No woman can afford to be careless in her dress any more than in her words and actions for we are so often judged by our outward appearance, and such impressions may make or mar our influence for good in places we wot not of.

EASTER DRESSING.

The matter of dress is brought very forcibly to my mind by the advertisements everywhere of Easter novelties, as if the end and aim of this beautiful season—beautiful because of its significance—lay in the plumage to be worn on its opening day. Not that it is not well to show rejoicings by pretty robes when all things speak of a new birth, when

New meanings each blue streak of sky discloses,
New messages on all the winds are heard;
New fragrance haunts the lilies and the roses,—
His life, His breath, the Spirit and the Word,

but that the glorious lesson conveyed should not be lost sight of in the vanity and vexation of spirit that absolute devotion to Fashion always brings.

And so I leave you with the Easter thought that Lucy Larcom has embodied in the following lines:

The sunrise over the houses!
The beautiful rose of dawn
Reddening the eastern windows—
The curtains of night withdrawn!

More lovely than boughs in blossom
The spires and roof-trees grow.
It is day; and, in God awaking,
Shall the spirit unfold and grow.

On the city, in chrismal splendor,
The blessing of morning falls—
The Bride coming down out of Heaven—
The pearl-gates, the jasper walls!

The white light enters the casement
Like the wings of the Holy Dove;
And every house is a flower,
A blossom of peace and love.

Emily S. Bouton.

THE GUEST BOOK.

A very pretty and novel idea is the keeping of a guest book. And what is a guest book, do you ask? Well, it is a blank book, a handsome one, too, of course—it should not be otherwise for such a purpose. You can make it yourself, too, which is all the more appropriate, and I will tell you how, and then what to do with it.

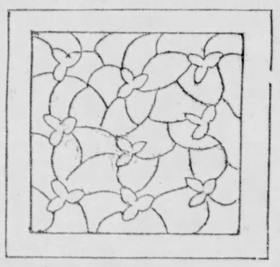
Take two pieces of pasteboard for the covers. Use your own taste about the size of these, though those of a medium-sized book are, perhaps, the best. Cover these with satin, plush, or linen, decorated with painting or embroidery. Then get leaves of nice paper, and if you can design a title page and execute it, so much the better; you can also decorate a leaf now and then with appropriate mottoes, etc., through the book, which will add greatly to its beauty. Tie all together by eyelet holes through the whole.

Now as to its purpose. Let it lie upon some table in the sitting room or library, with a fountain pen near it, which, by the way, should always be kept full, and when you have guests visiting you, invite them to write in it something that will recall to you the visit pleasantly in years to come, their impressions of a ride perhaps, a walk, or the exchange of ideas upon some interesting subject, their general impressions of persons they have met—of course, in this unpleasant criticisms must be omitted—all of these things are in order. These books may be made not only things of beauty, but joys forever.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

MAGAZINE COVER.—An attractive addition to a table is a handsomely embroidered plush magazine cover. A lovely one is made of deep blue plush, lined with pale yellow satin. At each corner, embroider a flower or figure with gold cord, and at the back, where the title of the book would be, place three rows of the cord. The covers and advertising pages are slipped into pocket-like receptacles inside the cover, and the unattractive looking magazine becomes a beautifully bound book.

TABLE-SPREAD.—Procure a square of Bolton sheeting of the required size, and border it with a band of yellow satin nine



inches wide. The sheeting should be embroidered in an all-over design with heavy yellow silks. This spread is very durable, since by using the wash rope silks, and occasionally renovating the satin, it can be washed many times.

A PRETTY CHAIR.—A common cane-seated chair may be made a thing of beauty by painting it pure white, applying several coats of paint, and in the last mixing a little varnish. Tie a bow of scarlet satin ribbon on the back. Place it in a corner that needs brightening and then admire it, for you cannot help it.

Ladies, try pink cheese cloth for curtains for bed-room windows; it is beautiful, and does not fade as easily as one would suppose, and after it does fade, it will wash to a nice white and still make pretty curtains. —FLORENCE.

CORAL, OR MOSS MATS.—Use as many different shades of the same color of zephyr as you can afford. Take five strands of the darkest shade, then thread a sixth, in a darning needle, with which, tie the five, about 1 inch from a part, carrying the tieing yarn front 1 knot to the next. When all are tied, cut the 5 strands half way between knots. After cutting, steam them, then put on to a foundation, with darkest on the outside.—E. J. S.

E. J. S. neglected to say if each shade of the zephyr was to be prepared in the same way as the darkest. They doubtless are to be, however.—ED.

NICE RUGS.—Some one spoke of making rugs out of the hired men's cast-off clothing. We haven't any cast-off clothing to use, but we get a dressmaker's paper rugs and make "Smyrna rugs" by weaving the bright colored pieces on twine and sewing to a foundation.—E. J. S.

MORNING GLORIES ON BLACK EBONIZED OR A MILK-GLASS PANEL.—Pattern No. 482.—Morning glories, size 9x12, is a graceful design well adapted to panel decoration. On the black panel stamp the design with white powder. If you use the milk-glass panel stamp with blue powder. One bottle of pale drying oil and sable brushes Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 6 will be needed, also the following tube oil colors: Kremnitz white, permanent blue, madder lake, ivory black, raw umber, burnt sienna, yellow ochre, Cobalt blue, Antwerp blue, light cadmium, light red, light zinnober green, vermilion. On black it is always best to give a thin coat of white first to your design. When this is dry, and you wish to paint "purple" glories, mix white, a little permanent blue, and a little each of madder lake and ivory black. For your shadow tints work in very smoothly a little each of raw umber and burnt sienna. For white morning glories, use white, madder lake, yellow ochre and a little black. In shading the pink ones add light red and raw umber. For the green leaves mix Antwerp blue, white, light cadmium, light red and ivory black; work in for cooler tones, permanent blue and madder lake. Delicacy of shading is the all important part in the painting of flowers, in some places work in a little vermillion instead of light red. This will produce a brighter green. The shadows on the leaves are painted with antwerp blue, burnt sienna, raw umber, white cadmium and ivory black. Take out but a trifle of each color, a little more of white than the rest, using first enough drying oil to render the paint smooth. For the stems and tendrils, use light zinnober green, white, light cadmium, vermillion and ivory black. For the shadows use burnt sienna and antwerp blue. Do not take up too much color in brush at one time. Smooth, even strokes and shades well blended together will secure perfect work.—E. S. I. THOMPSON, Indiana.

"Fancy Work and House Decoration," (No. 3), describes some of the latest designs in fancy work that are entirely new. Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get one.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ci ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

LACE INSERTION.—Cast on 19 stitches and purl across. 1st row—s 1—p 1—n—k 2—tto—n—tto——k 3—tto—n—tto—k 2—n—p 1—k 1. 2d and every alternate row, purl across. 3d row—s 1—p 1—n—k 1—tto—n—tto—k 5—tto—n—tto—k 3—n—p 1—k 1. 5th row—s 1—p 1—n—tto—n—tto—k 7—tto—n—tto—n—p 1—k 1 7th row—s 1—n—tto—n—tto—k 9—tto—n—tto—n—k 1. 9th row—s 1—k 1—tto—n—tto—k 3—s and b—p 1—n—k 3—tto—n—tto—k 2. 11th row—s 1—k 2—tto—n—tto—k 2—s and b—p 1—n—k 2—tto—n—tto—k 3. 13th row—s 1—k 3—tto—n—tto—k 1—s and b—p 1—n—k 1—tto—n—tto—k 4. 15th row—s 1—k 4—tto—n—tto—s and b—p 1—n—tto—n—tto—k 5. 17th row—s 1—k 5—tto—n—tto—s 1—n—pass s over—tto—n—tto—k 6. 18th row—purl across. Repeat.

PINK SEASHELL MATS.—The material required for a pair of them is 4 shades of pink, single zephyr, ¼ ounce each of the two darkest shades, ¾ ounce of the next shade, and one ounce of the lightest shade. Commence with the darkest shade, make a chain of 6 stitches, join in a medium size bone crochet hook; join it; into that crochet 12 long crochet stiches, with one chain between each; fasten it, and chain 3 to begin next row. Do this at every row. 2d row—make two long crochet stitches into every loop of 1st row. 3d row—2 long crochet with chain between, and alternate with one long, into every loop—not stitch. 4th row—2 long crochet, alternate with two separate stitches of long crochet with chain between each. 5th row—2 long crochet stitches, 3 chain stitches between each. 6th row—commence with next shade, 2 long crochet stitches into every loop of 5th row. 7th row—commence with next shade, crochet 2 long crochet stitches into 1st and 2d loops, and 9 in the 3d, and so on until you are around. 8th row—commence with the lightest shade, crochet 2 long stitches into every loop of last row. Thread a needle with a piece of the lightest worsted, split to make it finer, and catch the fullness, so as to leave it like shells set up around the edge. It is a good way to pin the shells before sewing. After they are sewed pull the edges out and shape nicely.—MRS. ANNIE HARE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DON'T SCOLD.—Scolding is the chief fault of American wives. They have a tongue and know how to use it—many of them to their own detriment. It is the most fatal foe of home happiness, and the surest and shortest way of killing it. Scolding will accomplish in a few years, what sour bread, poor coffee and hard biscuit will not accomplish in a life time. What matter if your husband does upset a lamp on your parlor carpet, will scolding take out the grease spot? Not a bit of it; a little ammonia in some clean suds will accomplish the deed much better, and while you are righting the unfortunate accident your better half will be bemoaning his awkwardness and apologizing for causing you so much extra labor. A smile and a "never mind" will score more points on your side than a whole vocabulary of invectives.

If he should (resitatingly) say you, if it would "hurt this if I lay my head on it," meaning your handsome sofa pillow, what woman can have the heart to say "yes," when she thinks that only a few years ago, or perhaps months, nothing was too good for his foot-stool. Treat your own husband with the same courtesy with which you treat the husbands of your friends, and with much more charity and loving patience. How often this is reversed. If he brings you a pair of cuff buttons, even if you do not wear cuffs, and never expect to use the buttons, don't call him a goose and ask him why he did not bring you a gold ring; and we will venture to say that the next time the meat is scorched, or his shirt not quite so stiff, no mention will be made of it.—IDA HAWTHORNE.

The following beautiful lines will go to the heart of more than one in the HOUSEHOLD who has watched for the coming of the family physician, when the heart was torn with fear and anxiety:

"W. T. R."

There often comes a time, into your life and mine,
When some one, whom we love most dearly,
Is lying ill. So ill, our love is powerless to aid them,
We can but wait; and waiting,
Listen to each horse's step, or roll of wheels upon the road outside,
And pray for speedy help.
Then, we have felt a sudden, glad relief;
As if a heavy load were lifted from our hearts;
When another watcher, posted at the window, turned,
And whispered low,
"The Doctor's come."

To one, who, many times, in many homes, has lightened
This weary weight of anxious care,
Has come at last the rest, so nobly earned
And when he "entered in," we think those friends
He loved so well, and lost from earth before,
Went hand in hand to meet him:
Saying gladly, to the "bright ones" at the Gate,
"Give place,
"The Doctor's come."

CORRESPONDENCE CLIPPINGS.

I want to tell you what I have received, and how thankful I am. I was sick in bed when there came a package of flannel underclothing, that by a little sewing just suited my little boy, 1 year old; just what I needed most at that time. Another package from a kind woman, and two packages of papers, the senders unknown to me, but I wish them to accept my thanks. I was very thankful for the words of sympathy I received from all, and for your kindness. I feel assured that God will bless you in your efforts to do good. I also thank the Editor for her kindness.—LAURA HICKAM.

Since reading Miss Bouton's remarks about "Poor Mrs. Bessamer," I think there is a lesson in them for us all—at least, I found mine.

I hear men laugh at us women for trying to "be in style" and "do just as every one else does," but do they see the beam in their own eyes?

A young man who knows the "effects of alcohol and narcotics," when with friends and a "treat" of cigars and wine is proposed, walks up and takes his share. Why? Because he does not wish to stand the ridicule of his companions. Hereafter I shall think, "Poor Mrs. Bessamer!" Why do so many of our young men who work on a salary find it impossible to get anything ahead? Notice one as he comes down the street, the picture of fashion, and it will not be hard to guess where the money goes. And he is not a dude or lacking in common sense, but it is the idea that he must "keep up with the procession." I say it is not right. Live according to your means, and the friend who cares only for your clothes is not a friend who will ever aid you in making those around you better and happier, which ought to be the highest aim in life. —CARL FRANCES.

"Florence Eustis" must be very young and inexperienced to talk as she does. She has doubtless not passed through all the "ines" of this existence yet. She will find before she gets through that no "old book" or flimsy doctrine will ever do her any good—except in imagination. It is impossible for us to advance an inch in civilization or reform, as long as we cling to the skirts of the "ancients." "Florence Eustis," take the advice of a well meaning friend, and trust to no vain delusion or flimsy pretext; but aim at perfection, even if you never reach it.—MRS. B. BURGESS.

Do we, mothers, stop to think that it is the little habits formed while young, that cling so closely to us in after years?

The me the lack of politeness in little things is no where so noticeable as at the table, and our grown-up boys and girls are very apt to do as they were taught, or allowed, to do when younger. If "the boys" are kept in the background when there is company at dinner because they are "so rude and noisy at the table," do you suppose that when those same boys grow to be men, and are at the head of a table of their own, that they will fall naturally into the little ways of politeness that gives a meal half its flavor? No, indeed! But if they are taught the right way, no amount of selfishness or hurry in after years can entirely change the habits formed in childhood.—MARY J. WALKER.

INQUIRIES.

Will some one send a recipe for vinegar pie without eggs? Also soft soap?—MAYME.

Can any one tell me how to prepare stamping powder that will stick on linen? And will some one give directions for doing "clay work?"—E. J. S.

We have received an article upon clay work, but it is unfortunately written upon both sides of the paper and cannot, therefore, be used.—[ED.

Will some one send recipe for making what the Thompsonian's call "Composition powder?" Also should like some nice tidy pattern.—M. E., Oregon.

Will some one tell me a sure way to get rid of squirrels or gophers? They nearly destroyed the crops here last year. And will some one tell me what kind of grass will grow on the prairie where the bunch grass is being eaten out? It is quite dry here, and inclined to alkali.—MRS. EMILY R. MERSHON.

Will the lady who gave the lounge pillow, with the hug-me-tight cover, in BLADE of November 21, tell a young housekeeper how she made her pillow and what she filled it with? I have one that I made last spring. I used hen's feathers, but it is flat and does not lay up well.—C. M. D.

Will some one tell me how to do drawn work? When you make it out of scrim, and cut squares out, how do you fasten the goods so it will not ravel.—INQUIRER.

What reply should a lady make when a gentleman thanks her for dancing with him?—GREENHORN.

Say, "The pleasure was mutual.—ED.

Will some one give a recipe for making cod fish balls? Also, one for making sugar syrup so as to keep it from going back to sugar?—MRS. ANNIE YOUNG.

Will some one send rules for organizing a "Band of Hope?"—CLAYTON E. WHITE.

Will some one give recipes for coloring black and red on cotton goods that will not fade?,—R. S.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

MRS. E. F. HARTSON, Iowa: All that is necessary to make you a member of the HOUSEHOLD is to contribute something of use or of interest to its columns. This question has been answered before.—ED.

MRS. F. E. H., Wayne Co., O.: The following menu will be good, and not be difficult to prepare and serve:

Raw Oysters. Lemon Wafers.
Cold Sliced Turkey. Sliced Ham. Cream
Potatoes. Pickles. Rolls. Coffee.
Minced Chicken. Olives. Brown and White Bread and Butter.
Ice Cream. Lemon Jelly. Cake.

If our correspondent finds this too much of a menu, and it is not a regular supper, she is preparing, but only some refreshments, she may omit the oyster course entirely, having minced chicken and sliced ham for her principal dishes, served with creamed potatoes, olives, pickles, rolls and coffee, following with the last course, for which, if liked, Charlotte Russe may be substituted.

Minced chicken may be made a very pretty dish. It is prepared in the same way as pressed chicken, though with the use of less gelatine, so that it is not solid, but may be dished up with a spoon. Make it in a pyramid upon a platter, stick bits of egg all over the surface, garnish with parsley, and it looks very attractive. Refreshments of this kind should be served at small tables.—ED.

Mrs. E. Dickinson, South Dakota, desires to say that by mistake her request for reading, which was sent last fall, did not appear until too late to do her any good, and consequently none need be forwarded. The trouble was, probably, that her request was not dated, as many communications are not, and it was shoved along accidentally among the hundreds of other requests, inquiries, etc., until the late hour she mentions.—ED.

Tell "L. H. Wilton" to tie her broken earthenware securely and boil it 2 hours in sweet milk. It will break in another place before it will come apart there.—"THE OLD WAY."

"Zelu"—To color whitewash blue use a small quantity of ultra marine, which can be purchased at any drug store.

"E. J. C."—The easiest and most certain method to get rid of bed bugs is to fill every hole and crack about the bedstead with putty, then paint with turpentine. This is a thorough extermination.—"BATCHELOR'S HALL."

"L. H. Wilton"—Stir plaster of paris into a thin solution of gum arabic till it becomes a paste. Apply it with a brush to the fractured edges of broken earthenware, and draw the parts closely together. —W. C.

"Ignorance"—The host should always introduce strangers to members of his family, or to other guests, in his own home.—ED.

MRS. M. L. Reynolds: It would be better to consult a reliable physician.—[ED.

"A Friend of THE BLADE": A very good cook book which contains all kinds of recipes for family use is "Old Dr. Carlin's Recipe Book," which you will find advertised in your BLADE.—ED.

RECIPES.

A WHOLESOME AND PALATABLE DESSERT.—Take 1 pt of whole wheat, boil slowly in an open vessel until tender, which will take about 9 hours. Just before removing from the fire, add a small teaspoonful of salt. Do not cook too dry. To be eaten with cream and sugar, like rice. When cooked, 1 pt. will make fully 3. The kernels should be bursted open when properly done.—"BACHELOR'S HALL."

I have an excellent soap recipe, which I think will give good satisfaction. 8 lbs. grease; 2 boxes lye; 17 qts. water; 1 lb. resin; ½ lb. borax; boil one hour, cut out, dry, and use.—MRS. A. A. B.

CORN STARCH CAKE.—The whites of 3 eggs; ½ cupful corn starch; ½ cupful of butter; ½ cupful milk; ½ tesspoonful of cream tartar; ¾ teaspoonful of soda; 1 cupful of sugar; 1 cupful of flour. Flavor with lemon.

TO KEEP PORK.—Because I have a dislocated shoulder I find leisure from my household duties, so I write to answer the inquiry, "How to keep pork in brine all summer?"

After the animal heat is all out, which will be in one cool night, cut the meat in strips right around the hog, strips being about six or seven inches wide—have ready the pork barrel nicely cleaned, and put two inches of salt into the bottom of barrel; then take a strip of pork and put it find side next to the barrel; then put in another piece fitting in closely next to this, till the bottom of the barrel is all covered—then sprinkle well with salt; continue in this way till the meat is all packed. In cold weather let the meat remain this way for two or three days, in warm weather, not a day, then make a strong brine, by having scalding hot water and stirring into this water more salt than will dissolve. Let this brine stand till thoroughly cold, and then turn it on the meat, covering the meat entirely with brine. Keep the barrel in a cool cellar if you have one. So many in the West do not, but nearly all have caves, which will keep the meat nicely for a year. All pieces which have bone in should be put in the top of the barrel; boil them in early spring, as the bones do not keep so well. Pork put up in this way is well liked, and far preferable to the smoked bacon put up and sold as "choice breakfast bacon." If the brine be bloody—the 1st of May, take all the brine and scald it, skimming off the heavy thick scum which arises, and when cold turn back brine on meat; always keep meat covered with brine and keep barrel covered. Do not put the hams and shoulders in the brine—dry salt them, by taking in the proportion of 1 tea cupful salt, same of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of salt peter, mix well and rub the hams, and let them stand three days, then rub again. Do the same before packing, for knowing what 'Bre'r' Watts says about 'idle hands.'

"Satan finds some mischief still," quoted her mother, laughing. "Well, well, I will think up something for you to do, if I possibly can, to save you from such a fate."

So Helen went away to her bed-making, quite sure that her work would be forthcoming, for when her mother promised to "think up" ways and means, the desired end was certain to be attained.

That afternoon, Mrs. Winsted took her sewing and went to sit with one of the boarders at the hotel, who was just recovering from a long illness.

"Only think!" the invalid said joyfully, "next week the doctor hopes I shall be strong enough to go home to my mother in the country. The children are out of school, so I can have them with me, and my husband can come down every Saturday night and stay over Sunday. The only thing I have not provided for is Dick, my canary. I can not take him very well, and I dread leaving him to Fred's tender mercies, for he is so forgetful."

A sudden light came into her visitor's eyes. "Mrs. Symons will leave for the seaside this week, will she not?" she asked pleasantly.

"Yes, and she is in the same straits I am, she has a fine singer, and has actually determined to take it with her, though it will be a great care, rather than trust it to the chambermaid's tender mercies."

"I have found your occupation, Helen," said her mother, as they were washing the dishes that evening.

Helen nearly dropped the cup she was wiping.

"Oh, what is it?" she cried eagerly.

"Bird-boarding" was the concise reply.

After enjoying her daughter's mystified look for a moment, Mrs. Winsted explained herself. She had visited half a dozen ladies during the afternoon and found that every one of them had some pet they disliked to carry with them on their summer tour, and yet were unwilling to leave behind.

"I did not think you would wish to care for Mrs. Smythe's pug, or for Teddy Smallweed's white mice, but Mrs. Delmont has a mocking bird, and there are three or four canaries, whose mistresses will be very glad to have them as well cared for as Master Cricket is."

"And how much will they pay me for taking care of them?" said practical Helen.

"I have not arranged the terms; you can call do that yourself; but I think 50 cents a week will not be an exhorbitant price, though, if any one thinks it too high, you can 'put higher,' as Joe says."

No one objected to her terms when she made her proposals at the hotel next day, and there was such a general rejoicing that the pets were to be left in her safe keeping, that the news spread to the "flats," and Helen found one or two patrons there. All together, she had two mocking birds, five canaries, and an old parrot, in her novel boarding house, and the long, shady poreh at the back of the cottage, rang with music, from the time when the cages were hung there in the morning until they were taken in at night. The canaries were the least trouble, for they only needed fresh seed and water and a clean cage every day, and a bath every second day. The mocking birds were heartier eaters, and had to have bread and milk, hard boiled eggs chopped fine and mixed with chopped potatoes, with fresh meat occasionally, beside their seed and water. Their cages were larger, too, and more unhandy to clean, but each one was faithfully attended to, every morning, though Helen learned to do the work much more quickly than she had ever thought possible, when she had only Cricket to care for.

The parrot was a trial. It was a very old bird, and quite feeble, but the spirit of contrariness and mischief dwelt within her. She was vicious, too, and would bite and tear the hand that tried correction. One day the freshly ironed clothes were hanging on the bars in the kitchen. Polly was walking about as usual with one wicked eye turned skyward and the other looking out for any mischief that we to be done when she caught sight of the bars. Evidently thinking them an improved sort of perch she flew upon them and soon spying out the buttons on the various garments hanging there, deliberately went to work to cut them off, her strong bill doing the work as effectively as a pair of sharp scissors. She had been engaged in this pleasing pastime for several minutes before Mrs. Winsted's attention was attracted by the click of a large metal button as it fell to the floor from Polly's bill. She put a stop to the sport at once much to the bird's disgust, and Polly was never let out of her cage again when the clothes were on the bars.

She was very amusing, for she could say many words, and say them, too, when they seemed to "fit in" admirably; but on the whole Helen found her a great nuisance, especially when she climbed on the dining table one day when the family were at dinner, and before they could chase her away, had picked up a piece of bread from Helen's plate, and wadding across the table dipped it into Joe's coffee, and sat down in front of him to eat the soaked morsel, holding it in one claw and rolling her head from side to side in great enjoyment of the joke.

When her owner came home, however Helen was more than repaid for the trouble Polly had given her, for besides the regular fee, she gave her a lovely ten dollar gold piece, saying, "I know just what a torment Poly is, my dear, and I assure you it was worth more than that to have her so well taken care of." The five canaries brought in two dollars and a half a week, and the mocking birds a dollar more, so, at the close of the "long vacation" Helen had received $50 board money, $10 more than covered all the expenses of her establishment, and one afternoon Joe brought her a bank book wherein "Miss Helen Winsted was credited with $40, cash," and this was the result of her summer's work. Every little girl might not be able to do as well, for every one does not live next door to so many people who love pets to be cared for during their summer outings, and who are so willing to pay generously for their keeping, but this is the true history of one "Boarding House for Birds."

THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO MOTHERS.

"Can you help me a few minutes, Marion?"

"I would like to, but I don't see how I can." The tone was not impatient, but hurried. "I have to cross over to finish for the society this evening. I must go to our French history class in an hour, then to a guild meeting, and get back to my German lesson at 5 o'clock."

"No, you can't help, me, dear. You look worn out yourself. Never mind. If I tie up my head, perhaps I can finish this."

"Through at last," said Marion, wearily, giving a finishing touch to "The Development of Religious Ideas among the Greeks," at the same time glancing quickly at the clock. Her attention was arrested by a strange sight. Her tired mother had fallen asleep over her sewing. That was not surprising, but the startled girl saw bending over her mother's pale face two tearful, each looking earnestly at the sleeper.

"What made that weary look on this woman's face?" asked the stern, strange-looking angel of the weaker, sadder one. "Has God given her no daughters?"

"Yes," replied the other, "but they have no time to take care of their mother."

"No time?" cried the other. "What do they do with all the time I am letting them have?"

"Well," replied the Angel of Life, "I keep their hands and hearts full. They are affectionate daughters, much admired for their good works; but they do not know they are letting the one they love the most slip from my arms into yours. Those grey hairs come from over work, and anxiety about the cold money I must provide and French lessons. Those pale cheeks faded while the girls were painting roses and pansies on velvet or satin."

The dark angel frowned.

"Young ladies must be accomplished now," explained the other. "Those eyes grew dim sewing for the girls, to give them time to study ancient history and modern languages; those wrinkles came because the girls had not time to share the cares and worries of everyday life. That sigh comes because their mother feels neglected and lonely, while the girls are working for the women of India; that tired look comes from getting up so early, while the poor exhausted girls are trying to sleep back the late hours they gave to study or spent at the concert; those feet are so weary because of their ceaseless walk around the house all day."

"Surely the girls help too?"

"What they can. But their feet get weary going round begging for the charity hospital and the church, and hunting up the poor and sick."

"No wonder," said the Angel of Death, "so many mothers call me. This is indeed sad—loving, industrious girls giving their mother to my care as soon as selfish, wicked ones!"

"Ah, the hours are so crowded," said Life, wearily. "Girls who are cultured, or take an active part in life, have no time to take care of the mother who spent so much time in bringing them up."

"Then I must place my seal on her brow," said the Angel of Death, bending over the sleeping woman.

"No! no!" cried Marion, springing from her seat; "I will take care of her if you will only stay!"

"Daughter, you must have nightmare—wake up, dear. I fear you have missed your history class."

"Never mind, mamma, I am not going to-day. I am rested now, and I will make those buttonholes while you curl up on the sofa and take a nap. I'll send word to the guild professor that I must be excused to-day, for I am going to see to supper myself, and make some of those muffins you like."

"But, dear, I dislike to take your time."

"Seeing you have never given me any time. Now, go to sleep, mamma dear, as I did, and don't worry about me. You are of more consequence than all the languages or classes in the world."

So, after having been snugly tucked in a warm Afghan, with a tender kiss from her daughter, usually too busy for such demonstrations, Mrs. Henson fell into a sweet, restful sleep.

"I see we might have lost the best of mothers in our mad rush to be educated and useful in this hurrying, restless day and generation." Marion soliloquized, as she contemplated a picture of the sleeping mother. "After this, what time she does not need I shall devote to outside work and study. Until she gets well restored I will take charge of the house, and give up all the societies except one—that I'll have by myself, if the other girls won't join—a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Mothers."

And Marion kept her word. A few months later one of the woman-rights class remarked to her: "We miss your bright essays so much, Miss Marion. You seem to have lost all your ambition to be highly educated. You are letting your sisters get ahead of you, I fear. How young your mother looks to have grown daughters! I never saw her looking so well."

Then Marion felt rewarded for being a member of what she calls the "S. P. C. M." —[Woman's Illustrated World.

—Dyspepsia's victims are numbered by thousands. So are those who have been restored to health by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

UNIONTOWN, PA.
Robert Burtt
Brauner Matson
Frank Bierer
Abraham L Morris
Samuel H Pegg
Jacob Lewis Pegg
Ray St Clair
Wm Watson
Clarence Hagerty
Charles Ruby
Robert Hutsom
Carl Jonasson
Archie St Clair
Willie Morris
Robert M Morley
Wm E Hutsom
Willie Collins
Esther Pegg
Lottie Haines
Lillie Jonasson
Laura Campbell
Dora Pegg
Ina Williams
Virgina Collins
Cora Means
Julia Jonasson
Mary Rutter

TIFFIN, O.
Roy Lauklin

SULLIVAN, ILL.
Walter Covey

FRAIRIE DU CHIEN, WIS.
Frank S Brown
Benton E Brown

CASTALIA, IOWA.
Orlev E Moore
Albert S Harvey

MONROE, WIS.
Louis Ellis
Lee Ellis
Frank Ellis
Edwin Ellis

MIDDLE RIVER, IOWA.
Elmer Winkley
Victor Reynolds
Sadie Reynolds
Harvey Mapes
Hoddie Mapes
Emie Miles
Ollie Miles
Jettie Pope
Emma Perry
Ira Crow
Roy Crow

Names this week, 49. Total, 29,203.

The above embraces all names received up to April 4

A LITTLE MOTHER.

With such a sober face
Pretty little mamma Grace
Came to meet me at the gate yester-morn,
Then I felt inclined to cry
As I asked the reason why
My darling looked so anxious and forlorn.

Half between a sob and sigh
Gracie managed to reply:—
"O, I'th dot a world o' trouble, Nantie dear;
For Lily 'th b'oke her head,
And Bertie 'th thick in bed,
An' I don't know what to do with Jennie Vere."

"I'th af'aid the 'th dieded now,
For she fell—I don't know how—
An' mathed herself all open in the kneeth;
I'th done the best I could,
But it don't do any good—
O, tome up quick to thee her, Nantie, pleath!"

And with such a sober face
Pretty little Mamma Grace
Softly led me where her suffering darlings lay.
Lily with her broken head,
Baby Bertie sick in bed,
And Jennie Vere—her wounds tied up with hay.

Mamma Gracie stooped and sighed—
"O, Nantie, dear," she cried,
"Don't 'ou think 'ou tan well 'em if 'ou trieth?"
And she watched me with a smile,
Growing brighter all the while,
As I pursed my lips and tried to look so "withe."

Then, with putty and with thread,
I mended Lily's head,
And sewed up Jennie Vere in the "kneeth;"
To Bertie's aching chest,
Some Daisy's ointment pressed,
Saying: "Now I'll take my fee, if 'ou pleath."

And with sunny, beaming face,
My little mamma Grace,
Her soft arms around me tightly curled,
And whispered o'er and o'er,
Every time with one more more,
"O, 'ou ith the bothteth Nantis in the world!"
—[Rose Graham in American Housekeeping.

For the Young Folks.

THE BOARDING HOUSE FOR BIRDS.

BY LUCY A. FREEMAN.

HELEN was cleaning her bird's cage, in her dainty, deliberate way. Master Cricket had taken a bath, and had liberally sprinkled the shining drops of water over every part of his pretty brass cage, and on the seed and water cups also.

Helen had a soft white cloth, and was wiping each wire in the cage perfectly dry; after that every perch was removed and put in the warming oven on the kitchen stove to dry thoroughly; next the seed cup was emptied, rubbed until it shone again, and refilled; then its partner, the water cup, received like treatment; finally the paper in the bottom of the cage was taken out, a clean one, with a fresh allowances of sifted sand put in, the perches and cups replaced, the cage carefully fastened and hung in the sunny front window of the cottage where Helen lived with her mother and big brother Joe.

Such a little cottage as it was, and looking even smaller by contrast with the huge buildings on either side—one a seven-storied hotel, the other a "Flat" building six stories high. When these had first been put up, Mrs. Winsted's friends had advised her to sell the little house and lot. "Those high walls will shut out all the air and light, and only fancy how unpleasant it will be to live in such a neighborhood," they argued; but the little woman clung to the home where the happiest years of her married life had been passed, and insisted that while the adjoining houses made some of her rooms darker, they also shut out the cold wind in winter, and she still had plenty of light from the front and rear. As for the people who lived in them, she had never had any trouble with her neighbors in all her life, and had no idea she should begin at so late a day. And she did not. On the contrary, she made some very pleasant acquaintances, and not a few

Talmage's Sermon.

SOME THOUGHTS ON EASTER.

What he Believes the Resurrection Day Will do for the Cemeteries all Over the World—Bodies Will Come Forth Renewed and Refreshed.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 6.—The Academy of music was appropriately decorated to-day for Easter service, and the regular artists of the Brooklyn tabernacle were assisted by eminent musical performers. The hymn sung before the sermon was:

"We praise thee, O God, for the son of thy love,
For Jesus, who died, and is now gone above."

The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon was "Machpela; or, Easter Thoughts." It was based on the words in Genesis xxiii.: 17, 18: "And the field of Ephron, which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre, the field and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure unto Abraham." Following is the sermon in full:

Here is the first cemetery ever laid out.

Machpelah was its name. It was an arborescent beauty, where the wound of death was bandaged with foliage. Abraham, a rich man, not being able to bribe the King of Terrors, proposes here, as far as possible, to cover up his ravages. He had no doubt previously noticed this region, and how that Sarah, his wife, had died—that remarkable person who, at 90 years of age, had born to her the son Isaac, and who now, after she had reached 127 years, had expired—Abraham is negotiating for her last resting number. Ephron owned this real estate, and after much sympathy for Abraham, refusing to take anything for it, now sticks on a big price—400 shekels of silver. This cemetery lot is paid for, and the transfer made in the presence of witnesses in a public place, for there were no secret deeds in those times. Then in a cavern of limestone rock Abraham put Sarah, and, a few years after, himself followed, and then Isaac and Rebekah his wife, and Jacob and Leah. Embowered, picturesque and unmountable Machpelah! Last "God's Acre" planted on earth! Last resting place for the wearied!

Honorable Mortuary Observances.

The necropolis of every civilized land has vied with its metropolis. The most beautiful hills of Europe outside the great cities are covered with obelisk and funeral vase and arched gateways and columns and parterres in honor of the inhumated. The Appian Way of Rome was bordered by sepulchral commemorations. For this purpose Pisa has its arcades of marble, and Montmartre into exquisite bas-reliefs and the features of dear faces that have vanished. Genoa has its terraces cut into tombs; and Constantinople covers with cypress the silent habitations; and Paris has its Pere-la-Chaise, on whose heights rest Balzac and David and Marshal Ney and Cuvier and La Place and Moliere, and a motley group of warriors and poets and painters and musicians. In all weights and measures and on all sides is expended in the work of interment, mummification, and incineration.

Our own country consents to be second to none in respect to the lifeless body. Every city and town and neighborhood of any intelligence or virtue has, not many miles away, its sacred precinct, where the selection has engaged sculptor's chisel and florist's spade and artificer in metals. Our own city has shown its religion as well as its art, in the matter in which it holds the memory of those who have passed forever away, by its Cypress Hills and its Evergreens and its Calvary and Holy Cross and Friends' cemeteries. All the world knows of our Greenwood, with now about two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants sleeping among hills that overlook the sea, and by lakes embosomed in an Eden of flowers, our American Westminster Abbey, an Acropolis of mortuary architecture, a Pantheon of mighty ones ascended, elegies in stone. Busts in marble, whole generations in peace waiting for other generations to join them. No dormitory of fruitless sleep is in it, for the world has so many mighty dead. Among the preachers of the gospel, Bethune and Thomas DeWitt, and Bishop James and Tyng, and Abeel, the missionary, and Beecher and Buddington and McClintock and Inskip and Bangs and Chapin and Noah Schenck and Samuel Hanson Cox. Among musicians, the renowned Gottschalk and the holy Thomas Hastings. Among philanthropists, Peter Cooper and Abram S. Hooper and Lucretia Mott and Isabella Graham, and Henry Bergh, the apostle of mercy to the brute creation. Among the literati, the Careys, Alice and Phœbe, James K. Paulding, and John G. Saxe. Among journalists, Bennett and Raymond and Greeley. Among scientists, Ormsby Mitchell, warrior and well as astronomer, and roughly called by soldiers "Old Stars;" the Drapers, splendid men, as I well know, one of them my teacher, the other my classmate. Among inventors Elias Howe, who, through the sewing machine, did more to alleviate the toils of womanhood than any man that ever lived, and Professor Morse, who gave us magnetic telegraphy, the former doing his work with the needle, the latter with the thunderbolt. Among physicians and surgeons Joseph C. Hutchison, and Marion Sims, and Dr. Valentine Mott, and the following epitaph, which he ordered cut in honor of the Christian religion: "My implicit faith and hope is in a merciful Redeemer, who is the resurrection and the life. Amen and Amen."

This is Our American Machpelah,

as sacred to us as the Machpelah in Canaan, of which Jacob uttered that pastoral poem in one verse: "There they buried Abraham, and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac, and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah."

At this Easter service I ask and answer what may seem a novel question, but it will be found, before I get through, a practical and useful and tremendous question: What will resurrection day do for the cemeteries? First, I remark, it will be their supernal beautification. At certain seasons it is customary in all lands to strew flowers over the mounds of the departed. It may have been suggested by the fact that Christ's tomb was in a garden. And when I say garden, I do not mean a garden of these latitudes. But at this season, and through the most of the year, the Holy Land is all ablush with floral opulence. And in such a garden Jesus Christ slept after on the soldier's spear, his last drop of blood had coagulated. And then see how appropriate that all our cemeteries should be floralized and tree-shaded.

"Well, then," you say, "how can you make out that the resurrection day will beautify the cemeteries? Will it not leave them a plowed-up ground? On that day there will be an earthquake, and will not the split in the polished Aberdeen granite, as well as the plain slab that can afford but the two words, 'Our Mary,' or 'Our Charley's?" Well, I will tell you how resurrection day will beautify all the cemeteries. It will be by bringing up the faces that were to us once, and in our memories are to us now, more beautiful than any calla lily, and the form that are to us more graceful than any willow by the waters. Can you think of anything more beautiful than the reappearance of those from whom we have been parted?

The idea of resurrection gets easier to understand as I hear the phonograph unroll some voice that talked into it or sung into it a year ago, just before my friend's decease. You turn the wire, and then come forth the very tones, the very accentuation, the very cough, the very song of the person that breathed into it once, but is now departed. If a man can do that, can not Almighty God, without half trying, return the voice of your departed? and if he can return the voice, why not the lips and the tongue and the throat that fashioned the voice? And if the lips and the tongue and the throat, why not then the brain that suggested the words? And if the brain, why not the nerves, of which the brain is the headquarters? And if he can return the nerves, why not the muscles, which are less ingenious? And if the muscles, why not the bones, that are less wonderful? And if the voice and the brain and the muscles and the bones, why not the entire body? If man can do the phonograph, God can do the resurrection. Will it be the same body that in the last day shall be reanimated?

Yes, But Infinitely Improved.

Another consideration makes the idea of resurrection easier. God made Adam. He was not fashioned after any model. There had never been a human organism, and so there was nothing to copy. At the first attempt God made a perfect man. He made him out of the dust of the earth. It out of ordinary dust of the earth and without a model God could make a perfect man, surely out of the extraordinary dust of the mortal body, and with millions of models, God can make each one of us a perfect being in the Resurrection. Surely the last undertaking would not be greater than the first. See the gospel algebra: ordinary dust minus a model equals a perfect man; extraordinary dust and plus a model equals a resurrection body. Mysteries about it? Oh yes; that is one reason why I believe it. It would not be much of a God who could do things only as far as I can understand. Mysteries? Oh yes; but no more about the resurrection of your body than about its present existence. I will explain to you the last mystery of the resurrection, and make it as plain to you as that two and two make four, if you will tell me how your mind, which is entirely independent of your body, can act upon your body so that at your will your eyes open, or your foot walks, or your hand is extended. So I find nothing in the Bible statement concerning the resurrection that staggers me for a moment. All doubts clear from my mind. I say that the cemeteries, however beautiful now, will be more beautiful when the bodies of our loved ones come up.

What though the grave is a rough place, it is a resurrection body manufactory, and from it shall come the radiant and resplendent forms of our friends on the brightest morning the world ever saw. You put into a factory cotton and it comes out apparel. You put into a factory lumber and lead and it comes out pianos and organs. And so into the factory of the grave you put in pneumonias and consumptions and they come out health. You bring groaning and they come out hallelujahs. For us, on the final day, the most attractive places will not be the parks or the gardens or the palaces, but the cemeteries.

We are not told in what season that day will occur, but I suppose in autumn, those who come up will be more lustrous than the snow that covered them. If in the autumn, those who come up will be more gorgeous than the woods after the frosts have penciled them. If in the spring the bloom on which they tread will be dull compared with the rubicund of their cheeks.

Oh, the Perfect Resurrection Body!

Almost every one has some defective spot in his physical constitution, a dull ear, or a dim eye, or a lamentable foot, or a neuralgic brow or a twisted muscle, or a weak side, or an inflamed tonsil, or some point at which the east wind or a season of overwork gets him. But the resurrection body shall be without one weak spot, and all that doctors, and nurses, and apothecaries of earth will thereafter have to do will be to rest without interruption after the broken nights of their earthly existence. Not only will that day be the beautification of well-kept cemeteries, but some of the graveyards that have been neglected, and been the pasture ground for cattle and nocturnal prowlings for sowing, will on that time have attractiveness given them. It was a beautiful thought that grateful generations planted no trees and twisted no garlands around the tombs made for their Christian ancestry; but on the day of which I speak the resurrection flower will make the place of their feet glorious. From untold ages of neglect the nettles, which have slumbered among nettles and mullein stalks and thistles, and slabs aslant, they shall rise with a glory that shall flash the windows of the village church, and by the bell tower that used to call them to worship, and above the old spire beside which their prayers formerly ascended. What triumphal procession never did for a street, what an oratorio never did for an academy, what an orator never did for a brilliant auditory, what an obelisk never did for a king, Resurrection morn will do for all the cemeteries.

This Easter tells us that in Christ's resurrection our resurrection, if we are his, and that resurrection of all the pious dead is assured, for He was "the first fruits of them that slept." Renan says he did not rise, but five hundred and eighty witnesses, sixty of them Christ's enemies, say he did rise, for they saw him after he had risen. If he did not rise how did sixty armed soldiers let him get away? Surely sixty living soldiers ought to be able to keep one dead man! Blessed be God! He did get away. After His resurrection Mary Magdalene saw Him. Cleopas saw Him. Ten disciples in an upper room at Jerusalem saw Him. On a mountain the eleven saw Him.

Five Hundred at Once Saw Him.

Professor Ernest Renan, who did *not* see Him, will excuse us for taking the testimony of the 580 who *did* see Him. Yes, yes; He got away. Freed Himself from the shackles of clod, He is not going to leave us and ours in the lurch. There will be no door-knob on the inside of our family sepulchre, for we do not come out of ourselves; but there is a door-knob on the outside, and that Jesus shall lay hold of, and opening, will say: "Good morning! You have slept long enough! Arise! Arise!" And then what flutter of wings, and what flashing of rekindled eyes, and what gladsome rushing across the family lot, and "Father, is that you?" "Mother, is that you?" "My darling, is that you?" "How you all have changed! The cough gone, the croup gone, the consumption gone, the paralysis gone, the weariness gone. Come, let us ascend together! The older one first, the younger ones next! Quick now, get into line! The skyward procession has already started! Steer now by the emblazonment of cloud for the nearest gate!" And as we ascend, on one side the earth gets smaller until it is no larger than a mountain, and smaller until it is no larger than a palace, and smaller until it is no larger than a ship, and smaller until it is no larger than a wheel, and smaller until it is no larger than a speck. Farewell, dissolving earth! But on the other side, as we rise, heaven at first appears no larger than your hand. And nearer it looks like a chariot, and nearer it looks like a throne, and nearer it looks like a star, and nearer it looks like a sun, nearer it looks like a universe. Hail, scepters that shall always wave! Hail, anthems that shall always roll! Hail, companionships never again to be broken, and friendships never again to part! That is what Resurrection Day will do for all the cemeteries and graveyards from the Machpelah that was opened by Father Abraham in Hebron to the Machpelah yesterday consecrated. And that makes Lady Huntington's immortal rhythm most apposite:

When thou, my righteous judge, shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding arches ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

What It Costs

Must be carefully considered by the great majority of people, in buying even necessities of life. Hood's Sarsaparilla commends itself with special force to the great middle classes, because it combines positive economy with great medicinal power. It is the only medicine of which can truly be said "100 Doses One Dollar," and a bottle taken according to directions will average to last a month.

WAS DEALING HEAVY.

Strange Actions of a Richly Dressed Lady in Iowa.

A richly dressed lady, claiming to be a niece of Phillip Best, the brewer, went to Burlington, New Jersey, several days ago and startled John Patterson by proposing to buy his large farm south of town. Mr. Patterson, after some hesitation, named $65,000 as his price, and it was instantly accepted.

A day or so was spent by the lady in looking over her premises, and Monday she took her departure for Milwaukee, saying that she would return Thursday with the money and would bring her son to look after the farm. She has not since been heard from.

In addition to her relationship to Mr. Best, she claims to be a granddaughter of Gen. Blucher and the widow of a British officer who was killed in the Crimean war. She was an intelligent woman, richly though plainly dressed, and claimed to be the owner of merchant ships, breweries, houses, land and property of various kinds aggregating millions in value. She also showed letters of credit for what purported to be large sums. She is supposed to be a monomaniac on the subject of land buying.

Garfield Memorial.

The following has been addressed to the public by ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes and Hon. Amos Townsend, president and secretary of the Garfield Memorial association:

"The Garfield Memorial association purpose to dedicate, by appropriate public services, the memorial structure erected in honor and memory of the late President Garfield, at Lake View cemetery in this city, on National Memorial day, May 30, next. The trustees of the association respectfully solicit and cordially invite all organized bodies in the United States, including military, Masonic and civic, and ex-soldiers and citizens generally to honor the occasion by their presence and to participate in the ceremonies."

FOR DYSPEPSIA

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. J. J. McWilliams, Denison, Ia., says: "I have used it largely in nervousness and dyspepsia, and I consider that it stands unrivalled as a remedy in cases of this kind. I have also used it in cases of sleeplessness, with very gratifying results."

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Hair Dead on Horse—Hair Coming Out of Tail.

Wm. S., Eddyville, Illinois: Your horse is troubled with indigestion and impurity of the blood. Give him three drachms of powdered Barbadoes aloes and an ounce of bicarbonate of soda, in a pint of warm water. After this has operated, take of bicarbonate of soda, ½ oz; powdered nux vomica, 18 grs. Give the above amount twice daily for three days. Then for about four days give a bran mash once a day, unless the bowels become too laxative, after which, for about three days, give ½ oz. Fowler's solution of arsenic once a day. Feed no corn for two weeks, but give him full rations of other feed, which must be pure and free from dust, must, or other deleterious substance. He must have his food punctually at given hours. Many a horse has been injured permanently by long fasting followed by heavy feeding. The meals should not be heavy, yet they should be sufficient. Avoid giving so much as to gorge the stomach, for this may cause stomach staggers or brain affection. Look carefully into his mouth, see if the teeth are all sound, so that he can properly masticate his feed. Careful dieting is a great source of benefit. After the medicine is given, if the hair is long, have him clipped. This frequently acts very favorably. If the hair is short, take of soapsuds water half a gallon. In this stir two tablespoonfuls of ammonia; with it wash the horse thoroughly, after which rub him dry and put on a light blanket for a few hours until all dampness is gone. Also wash the tail with the soap suds water and ammonia, remembering to keep it well stirred together. When the horse is quite dry, take of strong mercurial ointment, ½ oz; castor oil, 1 oz; oil of origanum, ½ oz; cocoa butter, 1½ ozs. Incorporate them well together in a mortar, then has been well rubbed, and rub all along the tail. Do not put it on heavily, but very thinly. Examine the tail very carefully to ascertain if there is any exudation or if it is pustulated. If it is, minute insects may be suspected, for which a more rigorous measure must be taken than that above given.

Growth on Foot Where There Were Scratches.

O. C. R., Illinois: For an abnormal growth of which you speak, the best way is to listen a light ligature around its base and let it slough off, afterward sprinkling with sulphate of zinc if there is a sore spot. A ligature should be applied two or three times will do for the figature.

Their Color.

"Greenhorn," Pennsylvania: The color of the Langshan is black, with the exception of the hackle feathers, which have a metallic lustre, and wings which are striped black on the lower part, black edged white, and the tail is green black tail black. Leghorns are either black, brown or white. The brown Leghorns are of a deep color bordering on black in some parts. The Langshan is black; cock weighs 8 to 10 pounds; hen 7 to 8. Leghorns are in weight about 2 to 3½ pounds; Light Brahmas, cock 10 to 12 pounds; hen 8 to 10 pounds. These fowls are not minutely described as to color, as it would take considerable space to go into details. Enough is given so that you may tell either variety when you see it.

Lameness in Horse.

J. C. H., Virginia: If you are satisfied that your horse is not troubled with navicular disease, or that the corn upon his hoofs did not lame him, rheumatism is indicated. For this, take of nux vomica, 1 oz.; pulverized gentian root, 1½ ozs.; pulverized ginger, 1 oz. Mix and divide into twelve powders, giving one every night in the feed. You are advised not to give the above until the corn is removed. Nine cases of ten of this kind of lameness results from corns. Get the corn out and wait awhile, say two weeks, before administering medicine. If you find it necessary to give the powders, after they have all been taken, follow with ½ oz. nitrate of potash in the drinking water, once a day for five days. There are but very few corns that do not hurt a horse.

Worms in Horse—Lice.

H. A. B., Kansas: For the intestinal worms give each horse calomel, 1 drachm; oil of male fern, 1 drachm; aloes, 1 drachm; ginger, 4 drachms. Make into a ball with linseed meal and molasses. For the tired worm inject up the anus with common salt, ½ oz; carbolic acid, 1 drachm, water, 1 pt. Use every other day for a week. If they rub themselves as you say, they undoubtedly have thread worms. For lice, wash the skin of each horse with powdered stavesacre seed, 2 ozs.; water, 1 qt. Boil for 20 minutes. This should be allowed to remain on for a full day. The head of the horse should be kept where he will not lick himself. For foul sheath, syringe with warm soapsuds water. Keep rock salt where the animals may lick at it.

For the colts, in addition to the oil, give once a day for a week, a teaspoonful of sulphur in soft feed. Examine them for lice. Half a pint of oil is sufficient.

Abortion in Mare,

S. W. G., Dakota: The distress caused by pink-eye may result in abortion, as in your mare. In this disease, the pulse quickens from 60 or 70 per minute, later on, rises to 80 or 90. The animal tries to keep on its feet, as it is afraid to lie down. The trouble frequently extends to the throat and lungs. The animal is very weak and exhausted, breathes hard, and is extremely ill. So you will see that in this condition a mare is likely to give premature birth to her colt, and when this is the case, as in all others where a mare aborts, she is rendered no certain thereafter to go her full time, or even conceive, as she was before such thing happened.

What is the Matter With the Cattle?

S. B. S., Iowa: Your cattle that gnaw the fences, woodpile, etc., are suffering from a diseased condition of the blood. Give each one a dose of half a pound of salts in a quart of warm water in which there is a full tablespoonful of ground ginger stirred. After this take of sulphate of iron, 2 drs.; powdered nux vomica, 1 dr.; powdered gentian, 2 ozs. Give one of this powder a day to each animal either in soft food or as a drench, for a week. Omit for a week and repeat the iron, gentian and nux vomica. Keep the stables clean, give none but clean fodder, and examine them for lice. If you find lice, write again, naming the paper in which this appears.

Something Wrong with Mare:

A. E., Rio Blanco County, Colorado: Have you pressed your thumbs along the small of your mare's back to see if she flinches? If so, her back is sprained; if not, she is likely suffering from rheumatism, for which give her nitrate of potash, ½ oz; powdered colchicum, 1 drachm, oil of turpentine, ½ oz. Mix this with a pint of linseed oil, and give night and morning. Look at the feces and see if you do not discover worms in them. You can easily see worms by carefully examining the droppings.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Sheep Ticks—To Keep Fowls Free From Vermin.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—To clear sheep of ticks, when the weather begins to get warm in the month of April, mix sulphur in wheat bran and deal it out to them like you would salt. Generally, one feed will be sufficient to clear a flock of sheep of the ugly pests.

To mix sulphur in a mash of bran and give poultry a feed in each warm month of the year will keep them free from vermin.—E. A. W., Bartholomew county, Indiana.

He Gives the Secret.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Probably some of the readers of THE BLADE would like to find out E. Person's secret how to judge the sex of eggs. It is simply this: If the egg is to hatch a cock there will be a curl on the small end, while, if it is to be a hen it will be smooth.—J. M. CAMPBELL, Ohio.

The Fact Not Generally Known.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—C. W. Ludlow, in a late communication, says that "a common laying from hens will hatch if the male is with them only at the beginning of the laying, and adds that the fact is not generally known; this may be, but we do know that it is generally denied, or disbelieved. The subject is one of some importance, and it would seem out to be definitely settled.—M. C. GORDON, Ind.

Can Tell the Sex.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I see an article in the FARM by E. Person, in which he claims he can judge the sex of an egg. With me this has been no secret for the past fifteen years. Pullet eggs and smooth on the pointed end, while the rooster eggs have a zigzag mark or quirl on small end. Having tried this I know it to be true.—GEO. RHOADS, Kansas.

Preventative and Cure for Gapes.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Seeing a request in the poultry department of THE BLADE, for a preventative for gapes in chickens, I would say, grease their heads and under wings with clean lard before you put them with the hen, and again in about two weeks, so as to keep them clear of lice, and in a good healthy condition.

As a cure, I use bread soaked in water, and when ready to feed pour coal oil over it, and feed immediately. They will not eat more than three or four bites, at a time, but that will be sufficient. Repeat till gapes are cured. I have tried this and it has never failed. Also be careful about feeding in a clean place, and put a little black or cheyenne pepper in their feed occasionally. This is an easy and simple remedy.—MRS J. D. M., Ohio.

Clover in Corn.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I think THE BLADE is the best newspaper in the country for general news, so I will help all I can to keep it up, as I think it a good way to get the best news there is to be had. Now for clover in corn; I have had a good deal of experience in that line. I work my corn until done the last time. I work a spring tooth cultivator after I work the last time. I sow my clover seed the same day that I plow after plowing, while the ground is loose, and I never fail to get a good set. I can grow clover any where I can grow corn.—DANFORD DAVIDSON, Indiana.

He Has the Secret.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Your correspondent that knows so much about the sex of eggs thinks he has it all right. Any one examining eggs will find some of them on the small end smooth, others with a wrinkled surface. The former will produce females, the latter males. Such has been my experience, and I am willing that all may know it.—J. D. ADAMS, New York.

Those Sunflower Seeds.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I have taken your paper for more than a year, and would not do without it. No editor could have labored hard to have his paper please all persons, and it does without a doubt please the rich and poor, young and old. I read all the items in the farm department and have some of the contributors please the rich and poor, young and old. I read all the items in the farm department and have some of the contributors there is some humbug letters about poultry. What I mean by that is, some people are trying to deceive the people and cheat the editor in advertisements. Say, for instance, giving away Russian sunflower seeds for two stamps to pay postage; you get in return 25 seeds and a handful of advertisements, costing one cent to send all. At a glance you will see how much money they will make on a bushel of sunflower seed. One thousand and forty-eight letters, or orders, for seed, at two stamps (4 cents) a piece, is $41.92, costing to send by mail $10.48, leaving $31.44 for postage. The postage on a bushel with the seed would likely cost him $10.48, leaving him $20.96 clear gain for about three-quarters of a bushel of sunflower seed, or $27.95 per bushel. If the sunflower seed man who kicked had been a regular advertiser in THE BLADE he had kicked so hard that he would break his leg, he still would make about $27 per bushel on the sunflower seed.—J. M. GORDON, Ohio. [The editor of THE BLADE is pleased that the poultry fraternity are not imposed through the sunflower seed humbug, and thanks Mr. Gordon for his interest for them. But you are mistaken, Mr. Gordon. But few people are so green as to send 10c. for a package of seeds, which are stinked black on the lower part, black edged white, and the wings and tail black. Leghorns are either black, brown or white. The brown Leghorns are of a deep color bordering on black in some parts. The Langshan is black; cock weighs 8 to 10 pounds; hen 7 to 8. Leghorns are in weight about 2 to 3½ pounds; Light Brahmas, cock 10 to 12 pounds; hen 8 to 10 pounds. These fowls are not minutely described as to color, as it would take considerable space to go into details. Enough is given so that you may tell either variety when you see it.

The Sex of Eggs.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I was somewhat interested and also amused in reading what E. Person says in regard to determining the sex of eggs. He seems to have a desire to be neighborly, but hesitates in revealing to THE BLADE readers what he calls his secret. Now I would like to tell what I know, but will make no secret of it; for I think it will be a great benefit to poultry breeders. My way is as follows: Eggs with the air bladder on the center of the crown of the egg will produce cockerels; those with the air bladder on one side will produce pullets. Now, this is quite simple, and I think we can use this method "until the proper time" comes for Mr. Person to tell his way. All who wish to try this be sure to register every "bladder vertically," or "bladder on one side," rejecting those that are not decidedly one or the other. Let us hear the experience of others in regard to this matter.—A. P. G., New York.

More About the Sex of Eggs.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I was much interested in the article written by the gentleman from Indiana, in which he claims to be able to determine accurately the sex in eggs, and while I am not trying in the least to capture the hat he offers to wager, I will say, however, that I have a theory I have been working upon for some time, with the same object in view, and I am in hopes I shall be able to roll the secret he speaks of as a sweet and delicious morsel under my tongue at no very distant day.

I judge by the terms of the article in question that we are working on lines quite different, and therefore allow me to enter a protest against our getting by the ears by any infringement of patents, for some time to come at least.

The article suggested to me some new ideas, which I shall study a little and profit thereby.

I shall watch with a good deal of interest my friend's promised letter, and for anything that may be said by any one upon this subject.—J. LINCOLN, Illinois.

Another on Sex of Eggs.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I see that E. Person, of Indiana, wagers a new hat that none of your contributors have made the discovery he has, viz., to be able to control the sex of the fowls they raise. I will tell him how. If you want all pullets, choose all short, round eggs. If you want males, choose the long, sharp-pointed eggs. Pass the hat this way, Brother Person.—E. SWEETLAND, New York.

The Borer.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Having been a reader of THE BLADE for a number of years, and seeing a number of recipes for destroying the borer in fruit trees, I will send you one that I know will do it. Recipe: Take equal parts of soft soap and spirits of turpentine; mix, then add twice as much water as you have soap and turpentine. When the sap is in motion in the spring, using a whitewash brush, or an old broom. In about a week after washing your trees with the above solution, wash again with lye, not too strong, and you will be surprised at the appearance of your trees in the fall. I had a transcendent crab in my garden that was full of fruit in mid-summer. The leaves turned yellow and I thought it was going to die. There was a man selling the above recipe, charging $5 for a farm right. One of my neighbors bought a township right; he came to my place and tried it on that crab tree. He only gave one washing and went by the tree, and he said in about ten minutes the borers came crawling out. The leaves turned green again and the tree ripened its fruit.—L. I. NARRAGON, Custer county, Neb.

Sorghum.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I am much obliged to those who have given information concerning sorghum. I am a strong protectionist, but have learned that those who are protected are those who protect themselves. Farmers, let us raise our own syrup and sugar, too, and if we want glucose manufactured let us make it ourselves. The farmers here are all alive to the sorghum interest, and are going to try it.—MICHIGAN FARMER.

Mice-Proof Granary.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—In answer to W. B. Cherry's inquiry of how to build a granary so mice cannot get in, I would submit the following: Cut the mortises in your sill exactly one foot apart—that is, one foot from center to center—using 2x4 scantling for studding; cut the required height, and stand edge outward, and so face will come flush with outside of sill. Now mark the top plate in sections of one foot, and spike it to the studding, with the mark exactly in center of stud. When the frame is up, take good dimension boards and nail up and down on studs, and so each board will lap one inch, or half way, on each stud. Batten the cracks and you will have a wall impervious by water. Large timbers, say six by eight, may be dovetailed into the sill at intervals to keep the bottom from spreading, and on these the floor may be laid, so as to come level with the top of the sill, and you will have a granary which a mouse cannot enter unless you let him in at the door. Aside from being tight, it has the advantage over the old way in not being lined up inside, which forms a hiding place for mice, from which it is impossible to dislodge them.—W. L., Wisconsin.

Hive-Making for Boys.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—It may be a good thing for some of THE BLADE boys to try their hands at making hives, but I am afraid they may get into some trouble if they follow the instructions given in THE BLADE for March 20, in the article, "Bees for Boys." It may as well be understood that hives are made in many different patterns and of different dimensions, most of them with movable frames, but these movable frames do not make the hives any better for the bees. They are only for the convenience of the bee-keeper, who may wish at times to take them out. A good many persons, however, have bees in movable comb hives, who never take out a frame, and for such persons there is no advantage in having movable combs. Indeed I think they are a detriment, for I believe the bees are just a little better off in a plain box. So if you never intend to lift out the frames, do not make any. Just put the bees in a box holding something like a bushel, having two sticks crossing each other about midway from top to bottom, for the bees to cluster on. Make no enter, and some holes on top to place surplus boxes over. A box hive 12 inches square and 14 inches high is in good proportion. The first colony of bees I ever owned spent their first year in a full-sized sugar barrel. It was a good place for the bees, but not so good for the bee-keeper.

But quite likely some may want to have movable combs, and the article in question had reference to these. I would hardly advise using boards five-eighths of an inch thick; seven-eighths is thin enough. Moreover, if you follow the instructions to rabbet "half the thickness of the end pieces," you will have with five-eighths stuff just 19½ inches in which to put your 19½-inch top bar, and you will find this not very movable. If you are not very exact in your work you may find the frames will not go in at all. Then I would advise against beveling the top and bottom. I think most bee-keepers prefer hives without beveling, and you will find it much easier to omit it.

It is also easier to make a hive without a full portico. It makes a good place for spiders, and it is certainly not desirable to encourage loafing in bees.

Let me give you some principles to guide you in making a hive. If bees find in a hive a space more than three-eighths of an inch they are very likely to build comb in it. If the space is less than one-fourth of an inch they will fill it with propolis or bee glue. So a hive should be as nearly as possible a plain box in which the frames are suspended, leaving around them at every place, top, bottom and sides, a space of 5-16 to ⅜ of an inch. The size of frame used, perhaps, more than any other, is the simplicity Langstroth 17⅜ by 9⅛ outside measure; the same in length but ⅛ inch deeper will be given us in the size referred to. Of course the hive must be deep enough to allow the space above and below the frame.—C. C. MILLER, McHenry county, Illinois. [The editor will be glad to hear from Mr. Miller again.—ED.]

Sorghum Feed for Poultry.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I commenced raising poultry 14 months ago with one hen. I now have 44 and have sold 22 and have sold 36 dozen eggs, at 10 cents. I think sorghum cane seed is a good feed for hens and little chicks. Besides, there is money in raising sorghum cane for the molasses. Sorghum will yield about 50 gallons to the acre, will sell at 50 cents per gallon, making $25 per acre, besides a large quantity of feed.—J. N. SHRUM, Illinois.

Takes Great Interest In It.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I take great interest in poultry of all kinds and always read every scrap of correspondence on the subject, that I can get my eyes on, and I think I have been successful in raising fowls, considering the fact that I have never had a suitable house for the purpose. Have always had to depend on old leaky sheds or condemned out-houses of some kind. Now, however, that I have demonstrated to his satisfaction that there is something in raising poultry, even under difficulties, my husband is talking of building a poultry house, and the plans and descriptions contained in recent numbers of THE BLADE offer many valuable suggestions. I shall not insist on any style, but will be satisfied to see my fowls to find themselves, by and by, under a roof that will turn water, and I shall expect great things of them. I want to say to those who read THE BLADE poultry column that I am not in favor of the "axe cure" for cholera. Why? Because I have a fine flock of hens, nearly every one of which, at some period of their lives, have had cholera and recovered. I am aware there are cases of cholera among fowls (just the same as there are among the human family) that are incurable, but the most admit of cure. I will tell you how I proceed. When cholera makes its appearance in the neighborhood and the droppings of the fowls show any tendency to diarrhea, I feed one teaspoonful of Venetian red to perhaps 3 quarts of soft feed, as a preventive. Then, if any fowls take the dread disease, I immediately remove them to a warm, dry place, where no others can get with them (a big store box makes a good hospital), give them bread crusts soaked and plentifully seasoned with the Venetian red; 2 tea-spoonfuls to a pint is not too much. Some times a fowl is too sick to eat, but will drink. Give a small amount of buttermilk, made fairly thick with the red. It is cheap and safe, so use plentifully. You will be pleased with the result, at least I have been very successful in my practice. I make it a rule to keep my flock healthy. Where you find a flock weakened by lice and starvation you will find cholera a great deal harder to cure. Ducks are my favorite fowl, because of their freedom from disease. Of all the breeds I like the Rouen best. Among the chicks "gapes" are my greatest pest. I would rather use the "ax cure" for that than for cholera. If any poultry raiser can tell me of any thing reliable for the cure of gapes, I shall be a thousand times obliged.—MRS. B.

Scaly Psoriasis 20 Years

A startling revelation of suffering. Entire person covered with dry scales. Every morning a dustpanful, some as large as an envelope, taken from the sheets. Tried every medicine and many doctors and hospitals. All thought he would die. Body a mass of disease, hair dead and lifeless. Suffering fearful. Cured in six weeks by the Cuticura Remedies. N. B.—This cure was made in 1879, and has remained permanent to date, Jan. 27, 1890.

Cured by Cuticura

I have been afflicted for twenty years with an obstinate skin disease, called by some M. D.'s Psoriasis, and others Leprosy, commencing on my scalp; and, in spite of all I could do, with the help of the most skilful doctors, it slowly but surely extended, until a year ago this winter it covered my entire person in the form of dry scales. For the last three years I have been unable to do my labor, and suffering intensely all the time. Every morning there could be nearly a dustpanful of scales taken from the sheet on my bed, some of them half as large as the envelope containing this letter. In the latter part of winter my skin commenced cracking open. I tried everything, almost, that could be thought of, without any relief. The 12th of June I started West, in hopes I could reach the Hot Springs. I reached Detroit, and was so low I thought I should have to go to the hospital; but finally got as far as Lansing, Mich., where I had a sister living. One Dr.—— treated me about two weeks, but did me no good. All one night I had but a slim hope to live. I earnestly prayed to die. Cracked through the skin all over my back, across my ribs, arms, hands, limbs; feet badly swollen; toe-nails came off; finger-nails dead, and hard as a bone; hair dead, dry, and lifeless as old straw. O my God! how I did suffer.

My sister, Mrs. E. H. Davis, had a small part of a box of CUTICURA in the house. She wouldn't give up; said, "We will try CUTICURA." Some was applied on one hand and arm. Eureka! there was relief; stopped the terrible burning sensation from the word go. They immediately got the CUTICURA, CUTICURA RESOLVENT and SOAP. I commenced by taking one tablespoonful of RESOLVENT three times a day, after meals; had a bath once a day, water about blood heat; used CUTICURA SOAP freely; applied CUTICURA morning and evening. Result: returned to my home in just six weeks from the time I left, and my skin as smooth as this sheet of paper.

HIRAM E. CARPENTER,
Henderson, Jefferson Co., N. Y.

Sworn to before me this nineteenth day of January, 1890. A. M. LEFFINGWELL, *Justice of the Peace.*

We hereby certify that we are acquainted with the aforesaid Hiram E. Carpenter, and know his condition to have been as stated. We believe his statement to be true in every particular.

E. D. SIMMONS & SON, *Merchants*, Henderson.
G. A. THOMPSON, *Merchant*, Henderson, N. Y.
A. A. DAVIS, Henderson, N. Y.
MILLARD E. JOINER, *Merchant*, Henderson, N. Y.
JOHN CARPENTER, Henderson, N. Y.

A. M. LEFFINGWELL, *Attorney and Counselor-at-Law*, Henderson, N. Y.

In answer to yours of Jan. 21, 1890, I have to say I am and have been in uniform good health for the several years that have passed since I first used your CUTICURA REMEDIES. I believe there is no remedy or medicine prepared that will compare with them for the relief and cure of obstinate skin diseases.

H. E. CARPENTER,
Henderson, Jefferson Co., N. Y.
Jan. 27, 1890.

Cuticura Remedies

Words can scarcely do justice to the esteem in which these great skin cures, blood purifiers, and greatest of humor remedies are held by the thousands upon thousands who have found them the only source of speedy, permanent and economical cure of every species of torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to age. CUTICURA, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most excruciating itching, burning, and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of every trace of disease, restores the hair, and heals sores, scalds, cr

WASHINGTON NEWS.

FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

Deliberations of the Two Houses for the Week.

WASHINGTON, April 1.—Among the bills reported from committees and placed on the calendar were the following:

Senate bill to prevent the summary cancellation of pension certificates and providing for a hearing in cases relating thereto.

Senate bill giving a pension of $100 a month to the widow of Gen. John F. Hartranft.

Senate bill directing the secretary of Agriculture to cause to be made all the necessary field examinations, surveys, and experiments with reference to irrigation by the overflow waters between 97 degrees west longitude and the foot hills of the eastern slope of the Rocky mountains.

House bill to amend the census law in relation to Chinese residents.

The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of executive business. When the doors were re-opened the Senate adjourned.

In the House a bill was passed exempting from the provisions of the law requiring steamers to carry life lines, steamers plying in the inland waters of the United States.

The House then went into committee of the whole (Mr. Payson, of Illinois, in the chair) on the deficiency appropriation bill. After discussion the bill was passed without division. The amount appropriated was $4,521,673.

The National Zoological park bill providing for a park in the District of Columbia was passed—yeas 117, nays 68.

The naval appropriation bill was reported by Mr. Boutelle and placed upon the calendar.

Mr. McKinley, from the committee on Rules, reported a resolution providing that the House shall meet at 11 o'clock on morning of Thursday and that the Montana admission bill shall be made a special order for those days, the previous question to be considered as ordered at 3 o'clock Thursday. Adopted.

The death of Representative Wilber, of New York, was announced and as a mark of respect to his memory the House adjourned.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—Mr. Edmunds, from the Judiciary committee, reported back to the Senate the anti-trust bill in the form of a substitute. The bill was then read and Mr. Edmunds said that the bill as to the Montana election case was disposed of the bill would be taken up.

The conference report on the urgent deficiency bill was presented and agreed to.

The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of the Montana election case, the majority report being in favor of Wilbur F. Saunders and Thomas C. Power and the minority report being in favor of William A. Clark and Martin Maginnis.

Mr. Gray took the floor but yielded without concluding his argument, and the death of Representative Wilber being announced, the Senate adjourned.

In the House a bill was passed amending the act to aid vessels wrecked or disabled in waters coterminous to the United States and the Dominion of Canada.

Mr. Baker, of New York, called up a bill authorizing the construction of a bridge and approaches at New York City, across the Hudson river, to regulate commerce in and over such bridge between the states of New York and New Jersey, and to establish such bridge a military and post road. The bill was passed.

The House then proceeded to the consideration of the Idaho admission bill. The question was argued at length, but finally went over to the next day without action.

WASHINGTON, April 3.—In the Senate—On motion of Mr. Edmunds it was ordered that to-morrow being Good Friday, the adjournment to-day shall be till Saturday.

The Montana contested election case was taken up as "unfinished business" and Mr. Gray resumed the argument in support of the claim of the two Democratic claimants. The burden of his argument was against the throwing out of 174 votes cast in precinct 34 of Silver Bow county. The matter went over to Monday.

The bill to amend the provisions of the census law providing for the enumeration of the Chinese popular on was taken from the calendar and read, with the amendments reported by the committee on the census, and after some discussion went over until Monday.

After an executive session the Senate adjourned till Saturday.

In the House a petition from the New England Shoe and Leather association against the imposition of a duty upon hides and skins was ordered printed in the Record. The reading of the petition was received with applause from the Democratic side.

The House then resumed the consideration of the Idaho admission bill. After debate the vote was taken on the amendment of the minority providing for the holding of a new constitutional convention. It was rejected—yeas, 111; nays, 159. The next amendment was one providing for a vote upon the present Constitution. The amendment was rejected—yeas, 104; nays, 121.

The vote recurring on the passage of the bill, the Democrats refrained from voting. One of the most significant marks was made by suggestion down the names of Democrats present and refusing to vote. The Democrats say that they intend to make this a test case and to have the courts pass upon the constitutionality of the rules allowing the Speaker to count a quorum. It had been intended to make one of the contested election cases a test case; but as this could be done only by a suit for salary brought in the Court of Claims, this course was abandoned and the present election decided upon. The bill was passed—yeas, 129; nays 1, Mr. Buchanan, the Speaker counting a quorum. Adjourned.

WASHINGTON, April 4.—The Senate was not in session, it being Good Friday. The House passed 35 private pension bills.

WASHINGTON, April 5.—Among the petitions presented in the Senate was one from the president of the Methodist Episcopal Church mission, protesting against the passage of the bill providing for the deportation or imprisonment of Chinese found in this country without certificate. Also a petition from a board of commerce of San Francisco against the repeal of the Chinese exclusion act, and for additional legislation effectually to prevent Chinese immigration.

House bill to provide for town site entries of land in what is known as Oklahoma was taken from the calendar, amended by the insertion of a proviso that the certificates mentioned therein shall not be taken as evidence in favor of any person claiming loss who entered land in violation of law and of the President's proclamation, and passed.

After a short executive session, private bills on the calendar were taken up, and with Mr. Tyler in the chair, and Mr. Johnson, of Indiana, clerk, doing the reading, 113 bills were passed in just one hour. Among them was one giving a pension of $50 a month to Mrs. Caroline B. Stevens, daughter of Gen. Baker, of Oregon, who was killed at the battle of Ball's Bluff, and one giving $100 a month to the widow of Gen. John F. Hartranft.

In the House a bill was passed amending the articles of war so as to provide that in times of peace general courts-martial for the trial of commissioned officers shall be appointed only by the President, the general commanding the army, or the general officer commanding a military division; and that judges advocate must not be present at any deliberation of courts-martial in close session.

On motion of Mr. Cutcheon, of Michigan, a bill was passed granting the right of way through the Fort Pembina military reservation to the military reservation of the Duluth & Manitoba railroad company. Also a bill providing that in time of peace enlisted men charged with offenses now cognizable by the garrison, or regimental courts martial, shall, within 24 hours after their arrest, be carried before a summary court, which shall consist of the line officer, second in rank at the post or station, or in the command of the alleged offender, who shall hear and determine the case, and when satisfied of the guilt of the accused party, adjudge the punishment to be inflicted. The accused may object to a hearing by a summary court and demand a trial by court-martial, which demand shall be granted by right.

Also a bill increasing to eleven the membership of the board of managers of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer soldiers and making the following appointments: Edmund N. Morrill, of Kansas, for the unexpired term of the office of John A. Martin, deceased; Alfred L. Tennson, of Pennsylvania, for the unexpired term of office of John F. Hartranft, deceased, and William B. Franklin, of Connecticut; John C. Black, of Illinois; Augustus B. Farnham, of Maine, and George W. Steele, of Indiana, for the terms of offices commencing on April 21, 1890, to fill vacancies occasioned by the expiration of terms of office and the increase provided hereby.

Also a bill providing that in making appointments to the army from civil life the President shall give precedence to graduates of West Point, who have been honorably discharged, to meritorious members of the national guard and to deserving graduates of institutions of learning, having army officers detailed as instructors.

The House went into committee of the whole (Mr. Butterworth, of Ohio, in the chair) on the Senate joint resolution for the removal of the naval magazine from Ellis Island, New York harbor.

The resolution authorizes the secretary of the Navy to take immediate measures for the removal of the naval magazine from Ellis Island, Seventy-five thousand dollars is appropriated to enable the secretary of the Treasury to transform Ellis Island for immigration purposes. After a long debate the committee rose, and the joint resolution was passed, with an unimportant amendment which will necessitate its return to the Senate for further action.

The hour of 3 o'clock having arrived, public business was suspended, and the House proceeded to pay tribute to the memory of Newton Nutting, of New York. After eulogistic addresses by Messrs. Payne, Blanchard, Baker, Grosvenor, Peters, Sherman and Henderson, of Illinois, the House, as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, adjourned.

WASHINGTON, April 7.—The House amendment to the joint resolution for the removal of the naval magazine from Ellis Island, N. Y., was concurred in.

Mr. Evarts presented resolutions of the New York Chamber of Commerce protesting against the pending bill for a census enumeration of the Chinese as absurd, ludicrous, unchristian and cowardly, and a memorial on the same subject from the American Missionary association was presented by Mr. Davis.

Mr. Platt presented a memorial for the admission of New Mexico as a state, but without committing himself, he said, to the views set forth in it.

Among the bills reported from committees and placed on the calendar were the following:

House bill to amend the homestead laws in regard to the manner of application and to fees.

Senate bills for public buildings at Kansas City, $200,000; Grand Haven, Mich., $100,000, and Mansfield, O., $100,000.

Mr. Hale gave notice that he would move to take up the Chinese enumeration bill as soon as the Montana election case was disposed of.

The Montana election case was then taken up and Mr. Vance—a majority of the committee on privileges and elections made an argument in support of the minority report, declaring Clark and Maginnis (the Democratic claimants) entitled to the seats.

In the House, Mr. Morrill, of Kansas, moved to suspend the rules and pass (with a substitute) Senate bill granting pensions to soldiers and sailors who are incapacitated from the performance of labor, and providing for pensions to widows and minor children and dependent parents.

Mr. Springer, of Illinois, demanded a second, and the motion was seconded, 128 to 57.

Mr. Morrill briefly explained that the substitute provided a service pension of $8 a month to soldiers who have reached the age of 62 years or who are dependent. He thought that the same principle which had been applied to the veterans of the war of 1812 and the war with Mexico should be applied to the veterans of the war of 1861.

After further debate the motion to suspend the rules and pass the bill was lost—Yeas, 169; nays, 87—not the necessary two-thirds in the affirmative.

Following is the vote in detail:

Yeas—Messrs. Adams, Allen, of Michigan; Anderson, of Mississippi; Atkinson, of Pennsylvania; Atkinson, of West Virginia; Baker, Banks, Bartine, Barwig, Bayne, Belden, Belknap, Bergen, Bingham, Bliss, Boothman, Bourtelle, Bowden, Brewer, Brickner, Brookshire, Brosius, J. B. Brown, Buchanan, of New Jersey; Burrows, Butterworth, Bynum, Campbell, Candler, of Massachusetts; Cannon, Carter, Caswell, Cheadle, Chipman, Clancy, Clark, Cogswell, Coleman, Comstock, Conger, Conn II, Cooper, of Indiana; Cooper, of Ohio; Covert, Craig, Culbertson, of Pennsylvania; Cummings, Cutcheon, Dalzell, Dehven, Dingley, Dolliver, Dorsey, Dunnell, Dunphy, Ewart, Farquhar, Featherstone, Finley, Flick, Flower, Fowler, Gear, Gest, Greenhalge, Grout, Hall, Hansbrough, Harmer, Haugen, Havnes, Henderson, of Illinois; Henderson, of Iowa; Heuman, Hill, Hitt, Holman, Hopkins, Houk, Kelly, Kerr, of Iowa; Kerr, of Pennsylvania; Ketcham, Lacey, Lafollette, Laidlaw, Lane, Lansing, Laws, Lind, Lodge, Magner, Maish, Martin, of Indiana; Mason, McClellan, McComas, McCormick, McKenna, McKinley, Milliken, Moffitt, Morey, Morrill, Morrow, Morse, Mudd, Niedringhaus, Nute, O'Neill, of Pennsylvania; Osborne, Owens, of Ohio; Parrett, Payne, Paynter, Payson, Perkins, Peters, Pfeifer, Post, Price, Pugsley, Quackenbush, Randall, of Massachusetts; Reed, of Iowa; Reyburn, Rife, Rowell, Russell, Sanford, Sawyer, Scranton, Scull, Seney, Sherman, Shively, Simonds, Smith, of Illinois; Smith, of West Virginia; Smyser, Snider, Stahlnecker, Stewart, of Vermont; Stivers, Stockbridge, Struble, Stump, Sweney, Taylor, of Illinois; E. B. Taylor, Thomas, Thompson, Townsend, of Colorado; Turner, of Kansas; Vanhorn, Vanschaick, Wade, Walker, of Massachusetts; Wallace, of New York; Waterson, Wheeler, of Michigan; Wickham, Wiley, Wilcox, Williams, of Illinois; Williams, of Ohio; Wilson, of Kentucky; Wilson, of Washington; Yoder—162.

Nays—Messrs. Abbott, Alderson, Allen, of Mississippi; Anderson, of Mississippi; Bankhead, Barnes, Biggs, Bland, Blount, Breckinridge, of Arkansas; Breckenridge, of Kentucky; Buchanan, of Virginia; Buckalew, Bullock, Bynum, Candler, of Georgia; Carlisle, Carlton, Caruth, Clarke, of Alabama; Clements, Cabran, Cowles, Crisp, Culbertson, of Texas; Dargan, Davidson, Dockery, Edmunds, Elliott, Fuller, Enloe, Forney, Gibson, Goodnight, Grimes, Hare, Heard, Hemphill, Herbert, Hooker, Kilgore, Lanham, Lawler, Lee, Lester, of Georgia; Lewis, Mansur, Martin, of Texas; McClammy, Mcreary, McMillin, McRae, Mills, Montgomery, Moore, of New Hampshire; Moore, of Texas; Morgan, Mutcheller, O'Ferrall, Peel, Perry, Pierce, Richardson, Rogers, Rowland, Rusk, Sayers, Skinner, Springer, Stewart, of Georgia; Stewart, of Texas; Stone, of Kentucky; Stone, of Missouri; Turpsey, Tillman, Tucker, Turner, of Georgia; Turpin, Venable, Walker, of Missouri; Washington, Wheeler, of Alabama; Wike, Wilkinson, Wilson, of West Virginia; Wise—87.

Absent or not voting—Messrs. Andrew, Arnold, Beckwith, Blanchard, Boather Brower, Browne, of Virginia; T. M. Browne, Brunner, Burton, Caldwell, Catchings, Cheatham, Clunie, Cobb, Crain, Darlington, Delane, Dibble, Evans, Fitch, Fethian, Flood, Foreman, Frank, Funston, Geissenhainer, Gifford, Grosvenor, Hatch, Hayes, Henderson, of North Carolina; Kennedy, Kinsey, Knapp, Lehlbach, McAdoo, McCarthy, McCord, Miles, Norton, Oates, O'Donnell, O'Neill, of Indiana; O'Neil, of Massachusetts; Outhwaite, Owen, of Indiana; Pennington, Phelan, Quinn, Raines, Randall, of Pennsylvania; Ray, Reilly, Robertson, Rockwell, Sphola, Spooner, Stephenson, Stockdale, Taylor, of Tennessee; J. D. Taylor, Townsend, of Pennsylvania; Turner, of New York; Wallace, of Massachusetts; Whiting, Whithorne, Wilson, of Missouri; Wright, Yardley.

THE PUBLIC DEBT.

Statement of the Public Debt for the Month of March.

The public debt statement for the month of March is as follows:

Interest Bearing Debt.

Bonds at 4½ per cent	$113,947,000.00
Bonds at 4 per cent	609,444,150.00
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	107,870.00
Navy pension fund at 3 per cent	14,000,000.00
Pacific railroad bonds at 6 per cent	64,623,512.00
Principal	$802,122,532.00
Interest	8,904,025.00
Total	$811,026,557.00

Debt on which Interest has Ceased Since Maturity.

Principal	$ 1,831,105.00
Interest	150,039.00
Total	$ 1,981,144.00

Debt Bearing No Interest.

Old demand and legal tender notes	346,737,458.00
Certificates of deposit	7,660,000.00
Gold certificates	134,938,079.00
Silver certificates	290,605,562.00
Fractional currency, less $8,375,934, estimated as lost or destroyed	6,913,743.00
Principal	786,854,842.00

Total Debt.

Principal	1,590,808,480.00
Interest	9,054,064.00
Total balance	1,599,862,554.00
Less cash items available for reduction of deposit	444,089,030.00
Less reserve held for redemption of U. S. notes	100,000,000.00
Total	$544,089,030.00
Total debt—less available cash items	1,055,773,514.00
Net cash in the treasury	32,615,842.00
Debt less cash in the treasury April 1, 1890	1,023,157,672.00
Debt less cash in the treasury March 1, 1890	1,034,547,529.00
Decrease of debt during the month	$ 11,389,857.00
Decrease of debt since June 30, 1889	53,488,949.00

Cash in Treasury Available for the Reduction of the Public Debt.

Gold held for gold certificates actually outstanding	$134,938,070.00
Silver held for silver certificates actually outstanding	290,605,562.00
U. S. notes held for certificates of deposit actually outstanding	7,660,000.00
Cash held for matured debt and interest unpaid	10,885,170.00
Fractional currency	219.00
Total available for reduction of the debt	444,089,030.00

Reserve Fund.

Held for redemption of U. S. notes, acts of January 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882	$100,000,000.00

Unavailable for Reduction of the Debt.

Fractional silver coin	$ 22,814,564.00
Minor coin	233,254.00
Total	$ 23,047,818.00
Certificates held as cash	29,012,101.00
Net cash balance on hand	32,615,842.00
Total cash in treasury as shown by the treasurer's general account	$628,764,791.00

APPOINTMENTS.

The Latest List Sent in by the President.

The President, on April 2, sent to the Senate the following nominations:

George F. Thrittin, surveyor general of Nevada.

Pension Agents—John G. Mitchell, at Columbus, O.; Edward Harvey, of Detroit, Mich.

Registrars of Land Offices—James I. Hemingway, Topeka, Kas.; Henry C. Olney, at Gunnison, Col.

Receivers of Public Moneys—George C. Thaxter, at Carson City, Nev.; John J. Lambert, at Pueblo, Col.

Indian Agents—James McLaughlin, at Standing Rock agency, Neb.; Charles S. Kelsey, at the Green Bay agency, Wis.; Alexander F. McMillan, of Michigan, deputy, first auditor of the treasury.

Mrs. Parnell's Pension.

The House committee on pensions on April 7 ordered a favorable report on the Brookshire bill granting a pension to Mrs. Delia T. S. Parnell, daughter of the late Admiral Charles Stewart and mother of Charles Stewart Parnell. The original bill, which provided for a pension of $100 per month, was amended so as to reduce the pension to $50.

Good Fat Job.

The secretary of the Treasury on April 7 appointed Mr. Henry W. Elliott a special agent of the Treasury, with compensation at the rate of $10 per diem, to obtain full and authentic information in regard to the Alaska fishing interests, under the provisions of a special act of Congress approved April 5.

Act Approved.

The President, on April 7, approved the act to provide for the times and places to hold terms of the United States courts in the state of Washington, and the act to enable the secretary of the Treasury to gather full and authentic information in regard to the Alaska seal fisheries.

PAYING PENSIONS.

What it Costs the Government Each Year.

Of all the wild, anti-pension rebel yells I ever heard the most groundless saluted my ears a day or two ago. A man who, if he knew anything at all, ought to have known better, declared that more money was spent by this government in disbursing pensions than went to the pensioners; in other words, that the annual cost of running the machinery exceeded the total value of the year's output. The idea, silly as it was, was iterated and reiterated until its repetition had a wearying effect on my temper and my political constitution, but at the first opportunity I looked up the facts—hard, unyielding, inelastic figures—and they are presented herewith for the information of that particular man (he was from Northwestern Ohio) and any one else in need of such campaign material.

The total amount of money expended in payment of pensions last year was $80,473,000. This includes pensions of all kinds, whether revolutionary, 1812, Mexican, Indian or war of the rebellion. Now as to the cost of disbursing that properly enormous sum. The Pension office proper is the first to be considered. In this there are nearly 1,500 employes, the greater proportion of the force having an especial aptitude for the work. The total salary appropriation, including every one from the commissioner down to the latest appointment as charwoman, is $1,808,750. Stationery cost $20,000, contingent expenses used up $15,000, and repairs gray away with $3,000; that foots up $1,846,750 for the Pension bureau in this city. At work "in the field" as they term it officially there was last year—and last year only, for it was a temporary force—a brigade of 150 special examiners at $1,400 each; their per diem expenses amounted to $190,000; $400,000 in all. The per diem of expenses of the regular staff of special examiners came to a total of $225,000, so that the men in the field—in an army covering a continent cost altogether $625,000. When an applicant for a pension is examined by the local surgeon designated for that purpose the surgeon has to be paid a fee; this is done by the government. When there are fewer than five men to be examined at one time the surgeon gets $2 each; when they outnumber five the Esculapian explorer only gets $1 per head. Last year the surgeons had appropriated for disbursement to them a round $1,000,000. Centrally located there are eighteen agencies in the United States where pensions are paid to those who earned them. Eighteen pension agents draw $72,000 in salaries and to pay the clerks at these agencies the government gave last year $178,000. The fuel account allowed for all these places were paid for out of an appropriation of $1,500 and the stationery bill was only $16,000.

The sum of $18,200 satisfied eighteen landlords who rented these agencies buildings for offices. That makes the pension agencies cost $285,700.

Two other departments of the government—War and Navy—contribute of their labor to the results of the Pension bureau. The navy's quota is small, but the surgeon general's and adjutant general's offices of the War department furnish an immense amount of information as to the military and hospital records of pensioners and would-be pensioners. Liberally valued their contribution costs less than $600,000 annually. There is no more of expense; everything has been paid for, and it cost just $4,355,400. The howling demagogue who made the blatant assertion which sent me nosing around among appropriation acts and Pension bureau records has a balance against him of $76,117,600, so far as last year is concerned.

Judicial Appropriations.

The House committee on Appropriations has completed the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill. It carries an aggregate appropriation of $20,864,326, which is $1,600 more than the last bill and $763,924 less than the estimates. The number of salaries provided for is 9,979, which is 224 less than the estimated number and 141 more than those provided for in the last bill. No new legislation is proposed. Some of the changes in the governmental service provided for are as follows: Salaries of eight senators and five representatives from the new states.

The salary of the President's assistant secretary is increased from $2,250 to $2,500. Five additional clerks are provided for in the civil service commission. Sixty-five additional employes are provided for in the sixth auditor's office. The force of the United States treasurer's office is reduced by five clerks. Twenty-two salaries of territorial officers are dropped as the consequence of the admission of the new states. A salary of $4,500 is provided for an assistant secretary of war. In the Navy department the same number of employes is provided for, but the list is rearranged to correspond to the secretary's plans of bureau reform. The board of pension appeals is increased by six members at $2,000 each.

In the land office eight chiefs of division at $2,000 are provided for in place of eight clerks of class 4 at $1,800, and provision is made for fif een additional employes. In the Patent office the salaries of the 30 principal examiners is increased from $2,400 to $2,500 and nine employes are added. In the department of Justice provision is made for an assistant attorney-general at $5,000, an assistant for the department of agriculture at $4,000 and five additional employes. Incident to the admission of the four new states and the establishment of a court in the Indian Territory, provision is made for five district judges at $3,500, two United States attorneys at $200 each, and two United States marshals at $200.

Pension Discussion.

There has been considerable pension talk in the House, and one man, William J. Stone, of Missouri, has seen fit to give utterance to some of the most abusive anti-pension sentiments ever heard in the House.

This will have a good effect in an indirect way, for Stone's margin is only a small one, secured by the fact that a Union Labor candidate took 4,600 votes from the Republican who was running. The veterans who voted for the Union Labor man will know better this fall.

In the House it is already evident that pension matters will receive a fair share of practical attention during this Congress and of the Senate there can be no doubt; its works do testify. Last Saturday afternoon it passed 113 private pension bills in one hour.

This latter statement will, I presume, bring some crank to the front with a condemnation of the Senate for alleged unseemly haste. Any one who knows any thing at all as to legislative matters must be aware of the fact that the greater portion of the work done previous to the third reading and passage of a bill is done in committee.

When the majority of a committee favors a measure there will be a favorable report and the majority (in the Senate in this case) accept that report as reliable and vote for it. That's why they can rattle these pension bills through with such rapidity. If they had those spells more frequently the loyal people of the country would not be displeased.

Boothman's Service Pension Bill.

The service pension bill introduced in the House by Representative Boothman, of Ohio, provides substantially as follows: It grants a service pension of one cent per month for each day of service to every man who served in the Union army during the late war, without regard to age; it provides that those soldiers who now receive a disability pension may, if they choose, relinquish their disability pension and accept the service pension. Widows of those drawing the service pension will be placed on the rolls at $8 per month during widowhood, but have the right to prosecute and obtain a pension under the present law by showing that the husband died from disability contracted in the service and line of duty. The bill also grants a pension of $3 per month to minor children under 16 years of age, of soldiers who die while drawing a pension, and if any of the children are so helpless as to require the care of another person the pension is to continue during this helplessness. If the widow dies or remarries before the children attain the age of 16 her pension is to be paid to them until they attain that age.

Bond Sales.

The Treasury statement of the United States bonds purchased from August 3, 1887, to date, inclusive, is as follows:

Amount purchased, 4 per cents, $128,751,300; 4½s, $136,314,700; total, $265,066,000.

Cost, 4 per cents, $163,890,533.03; 4½s, $146,879,000.16; total, $310,770,033.19.

Cost at maturity, 4 per cents, $223,338,330; 4½s, $14,153,824,307,87; total, $377,162,637.82.

Savings, 4 per cents, $59,447,796.97; 4½s $6,944,307.66; total, $66,392,604.63.

The Clayton Assassination.

The House committee on Elections on the 8th appointed a sub-committee of Messrs. Lacey, Cooper, Bergen, Outwaite and Wilson, of Missouri, to visit Arkansas and collect testimony relative to the contested election case of Clayton vs. Breckenridge in the Second district, and the alleged assassination of Clayton. The sub-committee expects to leave for Arkansas in about two weeks.

THE ANTI-TRUST BILL.

The Provisions of the Document as Reported by Senator Edmunds.

The following are the provisions of the anti-trust bill as reported Wednesday from the Senate committee on judiciary:

SECTION 1. Every contract combination in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy, in restraint of trade or commerce among the several states or with foreign nations, is declared to be illegal. Every person who shall make any such contract or engage in any such combination or conspiracy shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction shall be punished by a fine not exceeding $5,000 or by imprisonment not exceeding one year, or by both, in the discretion of the court.

Sec. 2. Every person who shall monopolize, or combine, or conspire with any other person or persons to monopolize any part of the trade or commerce among the several states or with foreign nations shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction punished as above stated.

Sec. 3. Every contract, combination in form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy, in restraint of trade or commerce in any territory of the United States or of the District of Columbia, or between any state or states or territories or foreign nation is declared illegal. Every person who shall make such contract or engage in any such combination, or conspiracy, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and on conviction punished as before stated.

Sections 4 and 5 give the several Circuit courts of the United States jurisdiction to prevent and restrain violations of this act.

Sec. 6. Any property owned under any contract, or by any combination, or pursuant to any conspiracy (and being the subject thereof mentioned in section 1 of this act, and being in the course of transportation from one state to another or to a foreign country), shall be forfeited to the United States and may be seized and condemned by like proceedings as those provided by law for the forfeiture, seizure and condemnation of property imported into the United States contrary to law.

Sec. 7. Any person who shall be injured in his business or property by any other person or corporation by reason of anything forbidden or declared to be unlawful by this act, may sue therefor in any Circuit court of the United States in the district in which the defendant resides, or is found, without respect to the amount in controversy; and shall recover threefold the damages by him sustained, and the costs of suit, including a reasonable attorney's fee.

Sec. 8. That the word "person" or "persons" wherever used in this act shall be deemed to include corporations and associations existing under or authorized by the laws of either the United States, the laws of any of the territories, the laws of any state, or the laws of any foreign country.

TERRIBLE DIPHTHERIA.

How a Doctor's False Certificate Caused It to Scourge Zanesville.

The question as to where the responsibility lies for the epidemic of diphtheria that carried away so many persons in Zanesville, Ohio, was settled on April 7, by a letter from Dr. S. S. Hedges, of Chicago, the attending physician in the Tuttle graves—whither their friends and relatives are expected to bring them their annual provisions.

These consist not only of choice roasted pigs, chickens, and other delicacies of the American and Chinese markets, but even wives and servants. These last are an imperative tribute, although in life the deceased may have been bachelors and not rich enough to hit the pipe but once a year. They are supposed to have left the misfortune of poverty and all others behind them in the body, while their spirits enjoy the life of nabobs. These enjoyments must be started to them from this side of the mysterious river.

The paper blouses and money that the devotees burnt at the graves are changed into silken garments and the yellow paper slips into pure gold bars in the other world; so were the beautiful paper wives and pretty paper servants of both sexes. There were about 200 of these females reduced to ashes in Evergreen and other cemeteries, and almost as many roasted pigs were set before the graves, and afterward swallowed by Chinamen who were not yet dead.

Slave Marriages Illegal.

A case was decided at Washington, Indiana, on Saturday which practically declares slave marriages illegal. In the '50s, Andrew Thomas, a Georgia slave, married another slave according to negro rites. Three children were born. Later Thomas escaped, settled in Daviess county, Ind., became prosperous and married again.

After the war Mrs. Thomas No. 1 hunted him up. For her Thomas built a house on his farm where she has since lived in harmony with wife No. 2. Recently desiring that her children should inherit a share of their father's estate, she brought suit to quiet title to the farm. Saturday the suit was decided against her, the court holding the slave marriage illegal. The case will go to the Supreme court.

Ministers Discuss a Wisconsin Supreme Court Decision.

A committee of the New York M. E. conference, in its report, repudiated the recent decision of the Supreme court of Wisconsin regarding the reading of the Bible in public schools as "un-American and pagan, and a menace to the perpetuity of our institutions."

It held that it was the duty of Christian citizens to deny that the Bible was sectarian, and to claim for it a place wherever the state attempts to educate youth for the duties of citizenship.

It was decided that the representation of the laymen in the general conference should remain unchanged. Conference Missionary Foster, of South Dakota, spoke of the work accomplished by the Prohibition party in that section. He was interrupted by the Rev. De Los Tull, who wanted to know if the Republican party was not responsible for most of the good work in the two Dakotas. Bishop Goodsell prevented any political discussion by announcing that the time of the speaker had expired.

Stock of Wheat.

Figures collected on April 8 by the *Northwestern Miller*, show the stock of wheat held in private elevators at Minneapolis, and not included in the visible supply statement, to be 1,937,000 bushels, a decrease of 77,000 bushels for the week. This leaves stocks as follows at three points:

Minneapolis, public, 7,540,061 bushels; private, 1,937,000; St. Paul, 295,000; Duluth, 5,824,140. Total, 15,596,209 bushels; increase for week, 250,487 bushels. The *Market Record* estimates the stock of wheat in country elevators of Minnesota and the Dakotas at 5,268,000 bushels, a decrease of 436,000 bushels. Last May the country stocks amounted to 3,705,000 bushels.

The Plumbers and Carpenters Are Still Out.

The plumbers' strike at Chicago is still on, as all difficulties between the two sets of belligerents have not yet been adjusted. At a conference on the 7th the master plumbers agreed to pay a minimum of $3 50 per day for all journeymen and an increase of 25 per cent for juniors.

Journeymen plumbers are satisfied with this advance. The juniors, however, who struck to aid the journeymen, are not satisfied, and that is the hitch at this morning's conference of the two arbitration committees.

The cigarmakers have won their fight, and hereafter there will be none but union made cigars in Chicago.

To Knock Out the Law.

The legislature of Virginia at its last session passed a law requiring all beef, veal and mutton butchered at any point 100 miles from the place it should be offered for sale to be inspected. The fee is one cent per pound, half to go to the state and the remainder to the inspectors. The law has proven exceeding obnoxious, especially to cities, as it has had the effect of putting up the price of meat two or three cents, the advance coming out of the pockets of consumers. Wednesday the constitutionality of the law was argued before the Circuit court of the United States for the eastern district of Virginia. The decision will be rendered next Monday.

Judge Thurman.

The report sent out from Columbus on April 7, that Judge A. G. Thurman is seriously ill, is without foundation in fact. A call at his residence developed that he is in excellent health, much better than he has been for several months. Judge Thurman had been entertaining company all day and was in the best of spirits.

Congressman Wilber Dead.

The Hon. David Wilber, Congressman from the Twenty-fourth New York district, died at his home in Oneonta, Wednesday.

Ballot Reform.

The Iowa House passed the Australian ballot reform bill on April 8.

Henry M. Stanley has left Cairo for Brussels.

Prince Bismarck has been granted a pension of $6,750.

Kemp has accepted McLean's challenge to row a race on the Paramatta river. The race will take place three weeks after the contest between Kemp and Matterson.

GENERAL NEWS.

EMIN PASHA.

He Has Joined the German Service and Will not Return.

It is reported that Emin Pasha has finally accepted the proposals made to him by Maj Wissman, and has entered the German service. He will receive a salary of 1,000 pounds a year. He has given up his intention of returning to Europe, and will leave about the middle of April for Victoria Nyanza. He will be accompanied by a large caravan and 500 Soudanese troops under the command of German officers. His decision meets with strong disfavor in Zanzibar.

French Troops in Dahomey.

In an interview on Friday, M. Etienuie, French minister of the colonies, said that the French forces in Dahomey were sufficiently strong to cope with their adversaries, and that no reinforcements were necessary. The French troops he said, would shortly make an attack upon Whydah, the coast town of Dahomey, where the Dahomians obtain their arms.

Dueling Made Legal.

In accordance with the views expressed by the German Emperor recently, a cabinet order has just been issued forbidding dueling in the army except in cases where a council of men of honor, to which all the circumstances shall have been referred, shall declare that a duel is necessary.

A Scared Czar.

Advices received at London from St. Petersburg reaffirm the reports of the serious condition of affairs in Russia. They declare that the czar is suffering from nervous fever.

SHO VEE DAY.

New York Chinese Decorate the Graves of the Dead.

Notwithstanding the rain and the heavy road at least 500 dead Chinamen were made happy at the various New York cemeteries on Friday. It was "Sho Yee day," or Decoration day among the Chinese of America. On this day the dead Chinamen have a big demonstration at their respective residences—the graves—whither their friends and relatives are expected to bring them their annual provisions.

These consist not only of choice roasted pigs, chickens, and other delicacies of the American and Chinese markets, but even wives and servants. These last are an imperative tribute, although in life the deceased may have been bachelors and not rich enough to hit the pipe but once a year. They are supposed to have left the misfortune of poverty and all others behind them in the body, while their spirits enjoy the life of nabobs. These enjoyments must be started to them from this side of the mysterious river.

The paper blouses and money that the devotees burnt at the graves are changed into silken garments and the yellow paper slips into pure gold bars in the other world; so were the beautiful paper wives and pretty paper servants of both sexes. There were about 200 of these females reduced to ashes in Evergreen and other cemeteries, and almost as many roasted pigs were set before the graves, and afterward swallowed by Chinamen who were not yet dead.

AGAINST THE BILL.

The Missionary Societies Discuss the Chinese Enumeration.

Representatives of the board of foreign missions of the Presbyterian church, the American board (Congregational) the Protestant Episcopal board, the American Baptist missionary union, the missionary society, the Evangelical alliance and the society of Friends met on April 2 at the rooms of the Presbyterian foreign missionary board in New York to consider the Chinese enumeration bill, now before the Senate, with special reference to its bearing upon missionary work and property in China.

The sentiment of the meeting was strongly opposed to the bill. It was urged that its adoption would be a violation of treaty rights, and all who were present were apprehensive that it would endanger the personal safety of the American missionaries now resident in China, and greatly hamper them in their work. It was decided to leave more specific action to be taken by the missionary societies separately. All the societies represented have missions in China.

Massachusetts Labor Market.

The granite cutters of Quincy have demanded nine hours and 31 cents an hour. The granite manufacturers' association will concede the nine hours but decline to pay more than 28 cents the workmen will maintain their position.

The carpenters, plasterers, stone and brick masons, plumbers, gas and steam pipe men of Lowell are now working nine hours, in agreement with the Master Builders' association.

Sensational Suit.

Dr. D. B. Smith, one of the most prominent physicians in Cleveland, O., has sued by George Sinclair, a well-known dry goods merchant, for $25,000. Sinclair claims that Smith alienated the affections of his wife. Smith is a candidate for board of Education, of which body he has been president, and his relations with Mrs. Sinclair are being discussed from one end of the city to the other.

SPRING ELECTIONS.

The Anti-Bennett Law Party Carried Milwaukee.

Later returns from the cities in Kansas indicate that though the women registered their full strength they took but little active interest in the election and polled but a light vote, except at Fort Scott, where a large number of women voters electioneered as well as voted with the men. The interest centered in the first ward, where a re-submission candidate was elected.

At Lawrence but little interest was manifested in the city election, there being no opposing candidates in any of the wards except the First, in which Thomas Poehler, re-submissionist, was elected to the city council. The vote polled was very light. Less than 200 women voted.

At Hutchinson, Col. John Severance was elected mayor. Re-submission was made an issue in but one ward, in which it was defeated. The women vote was large.

At Kingfisher, Oklahoma, the election passed off quietly. Hon. J. D. Miles was elected mayor. The name of Liston was changed to Kingfisher by the council at its last night's session.

No License Victorious.

Charter elections for cities of the second and third class were held throughout Minnesota and South Dakota Tuesday. The principal issue was license or no license, the supporters of the latter principle being victorious in four-fifths of the contests.

In Missouri.

City elections were held throughout Missouri on April 1. Party ties were not drawn, generally, the issues being mostly of a local character. While political contests were had, however, more Democrats than Republicans were elected although in some instances the latter made gains.

Where the temperance question was uppermost the results were about equally divided and where school